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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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FLORIDA.—SOCIAL LIFE AMONG THE NATIVES—A "CRACKER" FAMILY ON THEIR WAY TO A BALL.

FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDING ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 166.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1887.

NULLIFICATION OF THE INTERSTATE
COMMERCE ACT.

THE fundamental provision of the Interstate Commerce Act is that embraced in Section 4, for the suppression of the practice of charging more for a shorter than for a longer haul over the same line. The evident intent of the law in this regard is emphasized by the clause declaring that this provision shall not be construed so as to authorize any common carrier to charge as much for a shorter as for a longer haul. Then comes a proviso exempting carriers from this hard and fast rule "in special cases after investigation by the Commission." The historical record of the procedure under this enactment is, that before the official life of the Commission began it received a petition and heard certain *ex parte* statements by the Southern Railroad and Steamship Association, a large and powerful combination, and that two days after the Commission had become legally empowered to act it issued an order suspending for ninety days the long and short haul provision of the law in its application to twenty-seven important trunk railways and coastwise steamer lines, and to seventy-nine commercial towns in the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Missouri and Illinois. The following day the law was suspended over the rail and water line extending east from Milwaukee across Lake Michigan and the State of Michigan; also over the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. After this wholesale slaughter of a statute, the Commission adjourned for a week, to take breath.

Having duly rested, it resumed work on the 15th, and the following day nine important trunk lines were placed in the category of the *exempt*. The assumption by the Commission that all this has been done under the authority granted them by the words, "in special cases after investigation," would be a national joke, if it were not a monstrous usurpation of power. The plain statement of the case is simply this: The Commission saw that the enforcement of the provision of Section 4 would throw the business of the country into confusion, and that the President would be compelled to call Congress together at once to consider the subject. That would undoubtedly have led to the immediate repeal of the law, with the understanding that an attempt to frame a new law would be made on the assembling of Congress in December. But that conflicted with the personal interests of the Commissioners. They could not so soon relinquish the honors and emoluments of office; so, under cover of the proviso before mentioned, they nullified the law in its evident spirit and intent. In a word, the Commission shuffled, where it ought to have had the moral courage to stand for the inviolability of law.

No sensible person who has examined into the merits of the long and short haul clause of the Interstate Commerce Act can fail to see that it is the formulation of demagogism into statutory enactment; but it is law. The wisdom or unwisdom of a law is one thing, and the duty of obedience to law another. General Grant declared, in his first inaugural address, that the best way to secure the repeal of a bad law is to enforce it. The fault of the Interstate Commerce Commission is that they took the opposite course. But the difficulties which they sought to arrest are rapidly overwhelming them. Appeals are coming up to them for the suspension of Section 4 from railroads, towns, cities and sections, and from representatives of some of the leading industries of the country. Unless they set the seal of condemnation upon their own acts they must grant all these appeals, and that without any sort of hearing which by any sensible interpretation of language can be called "an investigation."

THE VOTING OF WOMEN IN KANSAS.

FOR some days immediately following the recent municipal elections in Kansas certain newspapers, conspicuous for their opposition to Woman Suffrage, teemed with stories held to prove that the first experiment of such suffrage there had proved a failure. Now that the smoke of the battle has cleared away it is seen that these stories all originated with the supporters of the liquor saloons, and that for the most part, so far as they impeached the conduct of women voters, they had almost no foundation in truth. It is the general verdict of the Press of Kansas that the women behaved admirably; that they voted in larger numbers than was anticipated, and generally with a fair degree of intelligence and discrimination as to the character and qualifications of candidates. The best women of the State went to the polls arm-in-arm with their male relatives or friends, cast their ballots quietly, and with as little inconvenience to themselves as they usually experience in going to the post-office for their letters.

Those who instituted the reform are abundantly satisfied with the results thus far, and entertain no fears for

the future. The prediction that ignorant and degraded women would vote in larger numbers than those of the better sort was not fulfilled. Of course, the saloons took care to bring to the polls as many of the former class as possible, including inmates of the vilest places; but they were outvoted overwhelmingly by the mothers, wives and daughters of the best citizens of Kansas. The admission of women to the exercise of the elective franchise may or may not be wise or desirable, but the experiment is entitled to fair play, and when made, its incidents and results should be stated honestly and truthfully.

THE FIGHT AGAINST RUM.

IT appears that there is to be one more effort, before the Legislature adjourns, to restrain the rum power in New York. Senator Vedder has offered a new Liquor Tax Bill, providing for two classes of liquor-sellers—those who deal in liquors of all kinds and those whose traffic is limited to wine and beer. The new Bill will practically put a tax of \$500 upon every place in New York and Brooklyn which comes in the first class, and of \$100 upon places in the second class. In Buffalo, the only city in the State with a population between 100,000 and 500,000, the tax would be \$300 and \$60 respectively, and in all cities and towns of less than 100,000 the tax would be \$150 and \$30. In other words, this is another attempt at high license, although the amount of the fees has been reduced. Men like Howard Crosby, Noah Davis and Charlton T. Lewis have examined the Bill carefully with a view of making it unassailable by Governor Hill. It is a curious spectacle to see the respectable men of the State striving to corner its Governor and compel him almost by force to do a decent act.

This measure is interesting, first, because its veto will emphasize past gainsaying or redemption the identification of Governor Hill's future with the rum interest. There can scarcely be a question as to what he will do. While the measure is an approximation to an entire answer to the Governor's objections, it does not completely answer them, and we have no doubt that he will find excuses for vetoing it. The real objections to the Bill are, first, the low tax—it should be \$1,000—and possibly the absence of a local-option clause, which has seemed to work well in the West. Moreover, it might be better to impose a tax upon the seller of any kind of alcoholic beverage without discrimination. But these are not the sort of objections which will be made by Governor Hill.

Yet this Bill has a significance which even this active partner in the liquor business does not comprehend. It is significant of a determined public sentiment that within a fortnight after the failure of one attack upon the rum oligarchy our judges and clergymen should appear at Albany, their strength recruited for a fresh attack. Such persistent efforts to obtain legislation have a meaning. It will not do to wave these men aside as "cranks." We suggest to Governor Hill that he look about him. On the day that the Vedder Bill was introduced at Albany, the Finance Committee of the Pennsylvania Senate agreed to report the Brooks High-license Bill. On the same day the Delaware House passed, by a vote of more than two to one, a High-license Bill, grading licenses from \$400 for Wilmington down to \$200 for villages. On the same day, again, the Michigan Legislature was occupied in considering the enactment of a High-license Bill, the licenses graded from \$700 down, according to the population of the towns. He must be very thick-witted who can see no significance in this renewed assault on the liquor despotism in New York, and this strong pressure in the same direction throughout the country.

The case cannot be put too plainly. This is a fight. The saloon has controlled our municipal politics, and been a powerful factor in national affairs. It has taxed us, ruled us, and robbed us, and the question is whether we are willing to be ruled and taxed longer by the sort of creatures who stand behind the bars of corner grogeries. This practical way of putting the case is becoming understood. There is growing up such a feeling against slavery to the liquor despotism as grew up in the North against negro slavery in a few years before the war. And puny demagogues like Governor Hill can no more prevent the final triumph of liberty and overthrow of the rum power than Mrs. Partington could keep back the Atlantic Ocean.

TROUBLES OF LABOR ORGANIZATIONS.

IF the laborers of this country all belonged to one and the same organization, and yielded implicit obedience to its central authority, as an army obeys the voice of the general in command they would come as near to being an irresistible power as any earthly or human combination ever can. In the present state of popular intelligence, however, it would inevitably be a power dangerous not only to the members of such organization, but to the public weal. For this reason we may congratulate the laboring classes and the public generally upon the differing opinions and the divergent interests that make such a union as we have supposed utterly impossible. The various labor organizations, with their different names and varying principles and methods, like the different sects in religion, operate as checks and counter-checks upon each other, saving us from the relentless tyranny and injustice of a single combination, bent upon its own exclusive aggrandizement.

It is not easy, perhaps not possible, for outsiders to

form an accurate and impartial judgment concerning the divisions that appear from time to time among the various labor organizations and their leaders. The facts in the case are usually half concealed, while neither party to a quarrel is imbued with the candor which is absolutely essential to any fair statement of the views and plans of its opponents. The Knights of Labor, it is not unfair to say, have seemed to aspire to nothing less than absolute dominion in their sphere, and to the crowding of other and older organizations out of the field. In this, by shrewd management, they have been partially successful; but, on the other hand, they have aroused formidable antagonists, who vigorously dispute their supremacy. It is one of the most difficult of human tasks to organize large numbers of people in one harmonious movement and make them obedient to one voice. Human nature is too large to submit willingly to such an arrangement, except in affairs purely military, and even in these, personal ambitions and selfish intrigues often defeat the shrewdest plans of the wisest leaders.

One of the latest indications of the disintegrating tendency which exists in the Knights of Labor organization is the protest of Local Assembly No. 1,655, of tin and sheet-iron workers of this city, through its Master Workman, Matthew Barr, a man of intelligence and good judgment, who is a member of the Executive Council of the Land and Labor party. Mr. Barr severely criticizes Mr. Powderly and other officials, and complains bitterly of the tyranny of Assembly No. 49, which has repeatedly brought disaster upon the Order. Mr. Barr preferred charges officially, but no action was taken, and he now utters in print complaints which seem well founded. Like others, he is beginning to look to the American Federation of Labor as an organization more sensible, equitable and really helpful than the Knights. Labor will continue to organize—of that there can be no question; but the Knights of Labor, after their many foolish strikes and failures, and acts of injustice and violence, are clearly losing the confidence of the better class of workmen, while they are provoking the active hostility of employers. A striking proof of the latter statement is afforded by the shutting down, last week, of five of the largest silver manufacturing establishments of the country, which, rather than submit to further exactions and annoyances of the Knights, prefer to suspend operations altogether. That the fifteen hundred mechanics who are by this thrown out of work will come in time to see the justice of allowing the manufacturers to manage their own business in their own way, there can scarcely be a doubt.

CHEAP IRON AT THE SOUTH.

THOSE are astonishing figures which General Willard Warner, one of the great iron-masters of the Southwest, recently gave of the assured output of pig-iron of Alabama, Tennessee and Georgia for the year 1888—1,500,000 tons! This will be an increase for those States of nearly 200 per cent. over their product for 1886; one-fourth as much as the entire present output of the whole country, one-half as much as that of Pennsylvania—which has, until very recently, had no occasion to fear domestic rivalry in the making of iron—and 75 per cent. greater than that of Ohio, which has heretofore ranked second only to the Keystone State.

Already the great furnaces of Pennsylvania have begun to feel the effects of the presence of Southwestern iron in the market. Their managers have, during the past year, seen pig-iron from Birmingham and Tecumseh, Ala., shipped by rail directly across their territory, almost past the very mouths of their mines, and sold in successful competition with their own product in Boston and Providence; it is becoming well and favorably known in Chicago, Detroit and Canada; it goes to Denver, and has undisputed control of the markets of the South and Southwest. We should not be surprised if it was yet sold in Pittsburg, even.

Thus far, this favored region has turned its attention to the manufacture of crude iron only, but it offers such unrivaled advantages for working the iron up into many of the coarser forms, that they will not long remain unimproved. Already there is a rolling-mill at Chattanooga, which has begun the manufacture of Bessemer steel rails from pig-iron made in the immediate vicinity, thus becoming the pioneer in the South of this important industry. The Perry stove foundry, of Albany, is to be removed to Birmingham, Ala., on account of the greater cheapness of iron there, and many large manufacturers of stoves, machinery and other heavy iron products are looking over the field with a view to the transfer of their plants to the South.

What is it that gives this comparatively new region such great advantages over all rival iron-producing fields in the country, if not in the world? Nature has supplied all the necessary materials of the best quality, and inexhaustible in quantity, in such close proximity to each other that it is only necessary to build the furnace where the iron ore is, and just in the rear, by the side of or beneath it, will be found the coal and the limestone ready for use, with no cost of transportation. We have seen a trustworthy estimate that the ore, the coke and the limestone required to produce a ton of pig-iron costs, laid down at one of the Birmingham furnaces, about \$7. Allowing \$3 for handling the stock and the pigs after they are made, and \$5 for freight to distant markets—both of which estimates are very liberal—and there still

remains a large margin for profit as long as the Pennsylvania iron-masters refuse to make contracts for less than \$21 a ton. And, with the influx of capital that has already begun, the cost of manufacture will be reduced and the quality of the product improved.

Cheap iron is one of the chief corner-stones of modern prosperity, and the remarkable development of the mineral resources of the Southwest is the most important industrial event of the present decade. It will increase the permanent wealth of the country more than would the discovery of a new Comstock lode.

THE FISHERIES DISPUTE.

THE complicated question of the "Fisheries Claims" between the United States and Canada appears to be curiously misunderstood in England. Lord Salisbury "understands the action of the United States in denouncing the fishery articles of the Treaty of Washington to be in a great degree the result of disappointment at being called upon to pay £1,000,000 under the Halifax fisheries award." He, therefore, offers to "restore the old condition of affairs without pecuniary indemnity." This shows that the American position is not appreciated in English diplomatic circles. The award to England made by M. Delfosse, Umpire of the Commission which sat at Halifax in 1878 under the Treaty of Washington, is held by us to be unjust. This, however, is not the ground of our present contention. But the payment of \$5,000,000 as indemnity for our privilege of inshore fishing in Canadian waters, and the remission of over \$4,000,000 of duties upon Canadian fish brought to our ports, settled the question for only five years. The award of 1878 was not to be taken as a precedent for similar exorbitant demands, according to the contention of our Government; and now Lord Salisbury practically acknowledges that the Halifax award was exorbitant. In this way his dispatch becomes of especial importance.

What we complain of, however, is what may be termed a violation of international comity, or "the unfriendly conduct and treaty violations affecting American fishermen," to which President Cleveland referred in his letter to the President of the Gloucester Fishery Union. The Treaty of 1818 gives American fishing-vessels the right to enter Canadian ports for certain specified objects, and for no other purpose whatever. The purchase of bait and ice is not definitely included among these objects. The Canadians say that these provisions are to be taken literally. We maintain that a more liberal construction has been given by English statutes and usages. Moreover, as Secretary Manning said, "The section of our law which authorizes a vessel licensed for carrying on fishery to 'touch and trade at any foreign port' is not a modern contrivance, but has been on our statute-books since 1793, and has been understood for nearly a hundred years as conferring upon a vessel a right to land and receive on board a cargo of merchandise in the same manner as if she were not engaged in the fisheries. . . . Yet, while this Department protects Canadian fishermen in the use of American ports, the Dominion of Canada brutally excludes American fishermen from Canadian ports." From this point of view the question becomes one of national concern.

The honor of the nation, the welfare of the Gloucester fishermen, and the prosperity of the Dominion, are the three distinct interests represented. The Gloucester fishermen are most anxious for the prohibition of Canadian-caught fish from entry into our ports, or, in other words, this is with them merely a petty question of protection. In the broader or national view taken by President Cleveland, "the violation of American fishery rights, and unjust or unfriendly acts towards a portion of our citizens engaged in this business, are but the occasion for action which gives birth to, or may justify, retaliation." Bearing in mind the extent of our trade with Canada, with British Columbia, as well as the nearer Provinces, it will be seen that retaliatory action looking towards a partial or complete suspension of commercial intercourse is a serious thing. Such a suspension might mean a loss greater than the value of the entire fishery interest. A war on account of this comparatively small interest would seem preposterous, and the possibility is happily not to be seriously considered. But the present condition of affairs cannot last. This is a question of principle as well as codfish. Lord Salisbury blunders because he does not seem to comprehend that the national honor as well as the interest of a few fishermen is concerned in this matter. He proposes to go back to the old conditions without reference to Canadian treaty violations and unfriendly conduct. To this we cannot consent. The only course, the only sensible way to end this involved controversy, is for the question to be submitted to a Board of Arbitration, which can take cognizance of "national affronts," and pass upon the construction of treaties, and questions of indemnities, or mutual privileges.

THE PARNELL FORGERY.

THE cause of Coercion must be a pretty desperate one in the opinion of its advocates, in spite of the large majority by which the Government's Bill has passed its several stages in the House of Commons, when a clumsy forgery like that published in the *London Times* is deemed necessary to bolster it up. There is nothing in Mr. Parnell's private character or public record to lead even his bitterest enemy to suppose that he would be capable of writing a letter, like that attributed to him, avowing sympathy with the Phoenix Park assassinations. From the beginning of his leadership of the Irish Nationalists his voice and his influence have always been given in opposition to violence or illegal methods, and it is because he has set his face so firmly against anything but a peaceful revolution that he has not only acquired a better control of the Irish people than any other popular leader, but has done what no one ever before did—brought over to the support of their cause one of the great parties in English politics, and a large minority, at least, of the English people.

It is this, and the evidence that the partisans of the Government see all about them of a rising tide of opposition to coercion, that has led to the impudent forgery for which the *Times* has allowed itself to become responsible. The publication of it was utterly without excuse. It bore internal evidence of spuriousness which ought to have been sufficient to insure its rejection. The fact that the body of the letter was not claimed to have been written by Mr. Parnell, and that the signature stood alone on the other side of the sheet, ought to have aroused suspicion. The reference to an address that was to be concealed, although no address was given, showed that it was not likely to be genuine. But, more than all, the forgery of the signature seems to have been so crude and clumsy, that it was not necessary even to call in an expert in handwriting to prove that it was not genuine.

Dishonest tricks like this rarely advance the cause they are invented to promote. The Morey letter was a much more skillful fraud than this Parnell forgery. The man who perpetrated it was an artist, and those who foisted it upon the public were adepts in

knavery. Some of General Garfield's friends were at first in grave doubt as to its authenticity. It took weeks to establish even the presumption that it was a forgery, and months to prove it, and yet it is doubtful if it caused many votes to be changed. There is something inherent in a spurious document of this kind that makes it comparatively impotent. But this Parnell forgery must have proved itself a boomerang. The paper on which it was printed was not dry before it was denounced as a fraud, and the sun did not go down before a denial that met with popular acceptance had been made.

The Coercion Bill is certain to be passed by Parliament, but it will be a mere *brutum fulmen* in the hands of the Government, while it is likely to become a most effective weapon in the hands of the Opposition for the overthrow of the present Administration; and the more numerous the mistakes like the Parnell forgery committed by the Conservatives, the sooner the end will come.

A REAL REFORMING INFLUENCE.

MR. GEORGE W. VANDERBILT, who sailed for Europe two weeks ago, left behind him instructions for the building of a branch of the Free Circulating Library in this city. A lot has been secured at No. 251 West Thirteenth Street, in Jackson Square. An architect has been selected to draw the plans, and there will be no delay in carrying them out.

It is not necessary to cherish any illusions, or to lose the hold on the realities of life, in order to appreciate the power for good inherent in a public library. "The best university," wrote Carlyle, "is a collection of books;" and no reasonable man can refuse his assent to the proposition. Mere culture and reading will not make a good man; but reading and culture are powerful influences for good, and they have, what not many other influences on the right side possess, much of the fascination and the charm that seem to be peculiar to evil excitements. It is a broad truth that to make books more accessible is to make men better.

New York has had much to endure in the past in the way of reproach from cities neither better nor worse than herself for her exclusive devotion to money-getting. It is neither dignified nor courteous to retort in kind. Comparisons are odious, and yet things in this world are relative and comparative. If New York makes more money than other cities, she spends more, and much of what she makes and what she spends is for the comfort and the income of other self-conscious and, possibly, self-righteous communities. What New York has done of a purely public and generous nature is something to be proud of, when seen as it is. To enumerate her institutions open to Jew and Gentile would be to write a guide-book; and no observer can have failed to notice the growing spirit of rivalry in giving among her wealthy citizens.

The Free Circulating Library, founded but a few years ago at 49 Bond Street, has already one branch, the gift of Mr. Oswald Ottendorfer, at 135 Second Avenue, and another, the gift of Miss Catharine Wolfe Bruce, soon to be built at Broadway and Forty-second Street. Miss Bruce and Mrs. Charles F. Woerishoffer each gave, also, \$10,000 to the book fund. Mr. George W. Vanderbilt is in excellent company, and evidently feels that his name carries with it the obligation of large views and wise liberality.

GENERAL JONES was Lieutenant-governor, Clerk and Senate, all in one, last Friday, and created an uproar almost unparalleled in the New York Legislature. He "ran things" for an hour or so, and got his master's politic message read. Now Jones must "pay the freight."

THAT never-failing source of conversation, the weather, has occupied more than its customary space in the news columns of the daily papers during April. What with floods and cyclones, unseasonable snows and untimely frosts, the month just closing will long be remembered by the oldest inhabitant for its remarkable vicissitudes. Every year we are told that such hot or such cold weather, such deep snows or such heavy rains, or such severe droughts, have not been known before. April of this year will legitimately take its place among exceptional months.

IS IT libelous to accuse a man of composing bad English? That is the question that the Connecticut courts are called upon to settle. A jeweler in New Haven wrote an invitation to President Cleveland to attend the dedication of a soldiers' monument, which the *New Haven Union* ridiculed as not constructed according to the rules of Lindley Murray. The author is aggrieved, and wants a thousand dollars in current funds of the realm to soothe his wounded pride. We shall watch with intense interest the progress of this suit. If it should result in a verdict for the plaintiff, those who daily raise their hands with murderous intent against the Queen's English will gather fresh courage. We tremble at the prospect.

THE recent accident near St. Johnsville, on the New York Central Railroad, developed a hero whose name should not be lost. Edward Kennar, the engineer, went down with his engine; but in his own suffering, others were not forgotten. He struggled to free himself, and as help came he gasped, "Flag the other train, boys," and died, these words the last upon his lips. This was only a railroad engineer, simply thinking more of his duty to others than of his life. Such things happen now and then, more often than the dreary realistic novelists would have us think. Sometimes no one knows of them, but when one does find such a humble hero in everyday life, there is something in the noble example which is an inspiration, and which illumines for an instant the petty selfishness of the world about us.

THERE will be no race between the English *Arrow* and the Yankee *Mayflower* for the Queen's Cup. General Paine was prepared to send the Boston sloop to England for a fair contest with the cutter; but Mr. Chamberlayne, the latter's owner, insisted upon the condition that the American yacht, besides being regularly handicapped, should race with her centreboard bolted. Now, it is evident enough that the *Mayflower*, under the latter condition, would not be the *Mayflower* at all, nor a typical yacht of any species. Even should she win, under such circumstances, the event would be deprived of its true sporting significance. The *Mayflower*, therefore, will stay at home, where she may find better employment during the coming season. There is a kind of victory, too, in the fact that the Englishman is afraid of our centreboard.

THE war on high hats continues. The Apollo Musical Society of Brooklyn has issued a circular to its subscribers and active members, in which it respectfully asks that each lady receiving an invitation shall comply with the desire of the club, and attend, if at all, in her natural tresses. By this means the club expects that its patrons will be able to witness all that is going on upon the stage without rising in their seats to peer over the monumental hats or without straining their necks to see around them. The new arrangement has so far worked well whenever tried. Fashion has

long since obeyed the edict of the Mendelssohn Club of New York, that no hats or bonnets must be worn at the dress concerts. The ladies appear in low-cut corsage or in walking costume, as they elect. The same custom is followed at the concerts of the Boston musical societies and elsewhere. The Brooklyn club is supported in its new departure by several of the wealthiest and most prominent ladies of that city, who themselves took the initiative in discarding the high hats; and whether the change becomes general or not, it seems to be appreciated in every place where it has been adopted. In this connection, it is significant that at the performance of "Jim the Penman" at the National Theatre, Washington, last week, at the invitation of the President, fully four-fifths of the ladies were without hats.

If it is true that it is a physical impossibility to enforce the Sunday-closing law in this city, why not recognize that fact, and cease these spasmodic efforts that never extend beyond two or three weeks, and with each repetition bring the law into more and more contempt? A majority of the people of New York undoubtedly believe that it is unnecessary for the liquor saloons to be open on Sunday, and that a decent respect for good morals requires that they shall be closed, and the only question is, whether their wishes, backed by the laws, shall be respected, or those of the minority, who desire that there shall be facilities for getting drunk on every corner, on Sunday, shall prevail. If the latter are to have their way, then let the fact be published, and stop the farce of arresting a hundred or two saloon-keepers, while ten thousand just as guilty are not molested.

AN Internal-revenue collector in Maine, acting on instructions of the Commissioner at Washington, has refused to divulge in a State court the names of persons who have been licensed under the United States laws to sell alcoholic liquors, his reason being that, if officials are required to testify in State courts relative to special taxes, it would occupy their time and interfere with the dispatch of the revenue business. If this is his only excuse, it will not stand. It may be accepted as a sound principle that public records are public property, to which every citizen ought to have access under certain reasonable restrictions. There is no consideration of public policy that requires the concealment of the names of those who pay internal revenue taxes. The laws of the United States do not protect any one in violating State laws, and the fact that its records may be needed to prove such violation is no reason why they should be withheld from the public. Collector Redman will probably have to testify.

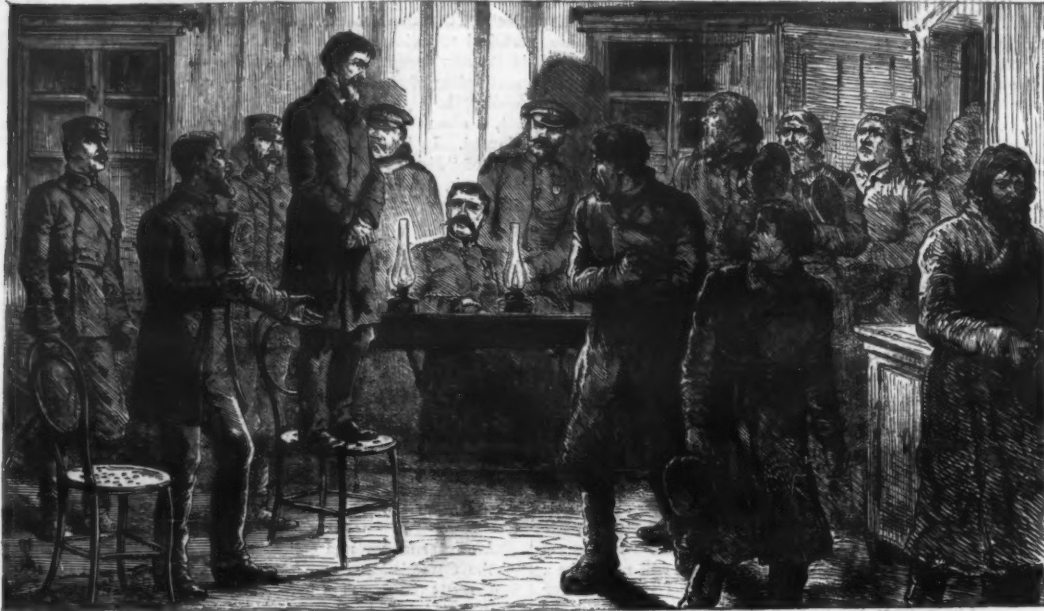
ENGLAND is in danger of being embroiled in another quarrel in Egypt. The Mahdi "is himself again," and threatens that if he is not recognized as the true prophet he will fight. The new Mahdi seems to be fully as fervent and fanatical as his predecessor, and unless his demands are soon complied with he will probably make the news from Egypt enlivening for some time. A telegram from Cairo, last week, informs us that the delegates of the new Mahdi had an audience with the Khédive of Egypt, to whom they presented letters to the Khédive himself, to Queen Victoria, and to the Sultan of Turkey. In the letter to the Khédive the Mahdi says: "If you will recognize me as the true Mahdi, you will be saved and we will be friends. Otherwise I will march forward, and the same fate will befall you as overtook your generals." The telegram does not inform us what the other letters contained, except that the Mahdi addresses the Queen of England as "the favorite of her people." There is clearly a possibility of renewed trouble in the Soudan.

WITHIN the last few weeks a great deal has been published regarding California wines, and it may be inferred that the viticulturists of that State propose to make a serious effort to introduce the products of their vineyards into the Eastern market. Under their own names, California wines have not been popular in the East. They have usually seemed crude, fruity and raw, although when cleverly blended and labeled with French names they have given much satisfaction. Nevertheless it has not been clear that the best wines have reached this market. Now that the wine-makers are improving their processes and endeavoring to equal at least the ordinary foreign brands, they deserve encouragement. The Interstate Commerce Bill may interfere with their business, but there is no reason why California should not furnish us with palatable, unadulterated cheap table wines, not "loaded" with spirits, like many foreign wines, and therefore more conducive to temperance. There is a great demand for such an article, and sensible men would prefer an American product, pure and of good quality, to liquors or to fiery wines from across the sea.

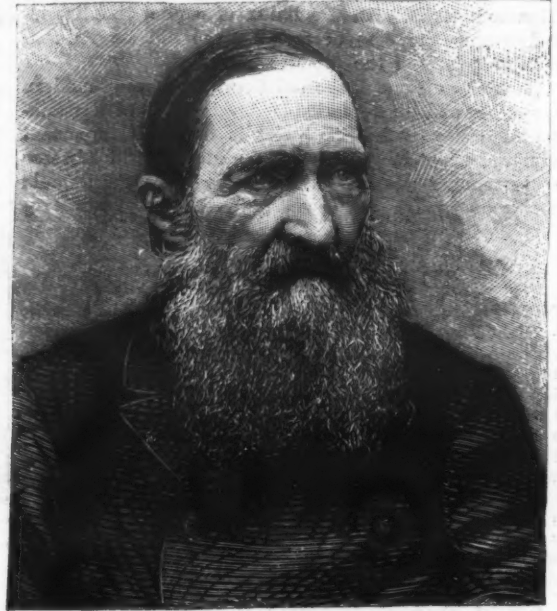
THE decision of the Holy Office of the Church of Rome on the Knights of Labor question, as given to Cardinal Gibbons after his fair and favorable representation of the matter, is *nil innovetur*. That is to say, its policy towards Catholics who identify themselves with the powerful and growing labor organizations of the United States is to be, for the present at least, one of non-intervention and indulgence. It is said that Cardinal Taschereau has been authorized by the Pope to absolve Knights of Labor from penalties incurred by them as members of the Order, on condition that they promise to obey future decisions of the Holy See. The future relations between the Knights and the Church are the subject of much speculation, and will be interesting to observe. The Catholic Press abroad avoids discussion of the matter. A dispatch from Rome to the *London Chronicle* represents that the Pope's decision has displeased some of the "reactionary" Cardinals, who have formally remonstrated, on account of the socialistic elements embodied in the Knights' organization. If such a protest has been made, however, it can scarcely of itself outweigh the declarations of the American Cardinals, or cause the case to be reconsidered.

THE decision of the Supreme Court of the United States confirming the Maxwell land grant places Commissioner Sparks of the General Land Office, and those settlers who accepted his invitation to pre-empt or purchase a part of it as public land, in an awkward predicament. The Maxwell grant comprises about a million and three-quarters acres of land lying in Colorado and New Mexico, claimed under an old Mexican grant, and confirmed by a United States patent. It having been asserted that, through frauds in the surveys, the extent of the grant had been greatly increased, the United States began a suit, in 1885, in the courts of the District of Columbia, to have the title set aside, and Commissioner Sparks, the same year, issued an order declaring about a million and a half acres of the land in question open for settlement. Now that the United States has been beaten in its suit, those who have settled on the land within the last two years find themselves without a title to their homesteads, and will be subjected to great loss and inconvenience. The conviction is very general that the title of the Maxwell grant is fraudulent, notwithstanding the decision of the courts, but that belief, of course, will not mitigate in the least the embarrassments to which the settlers are exposed.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 167.



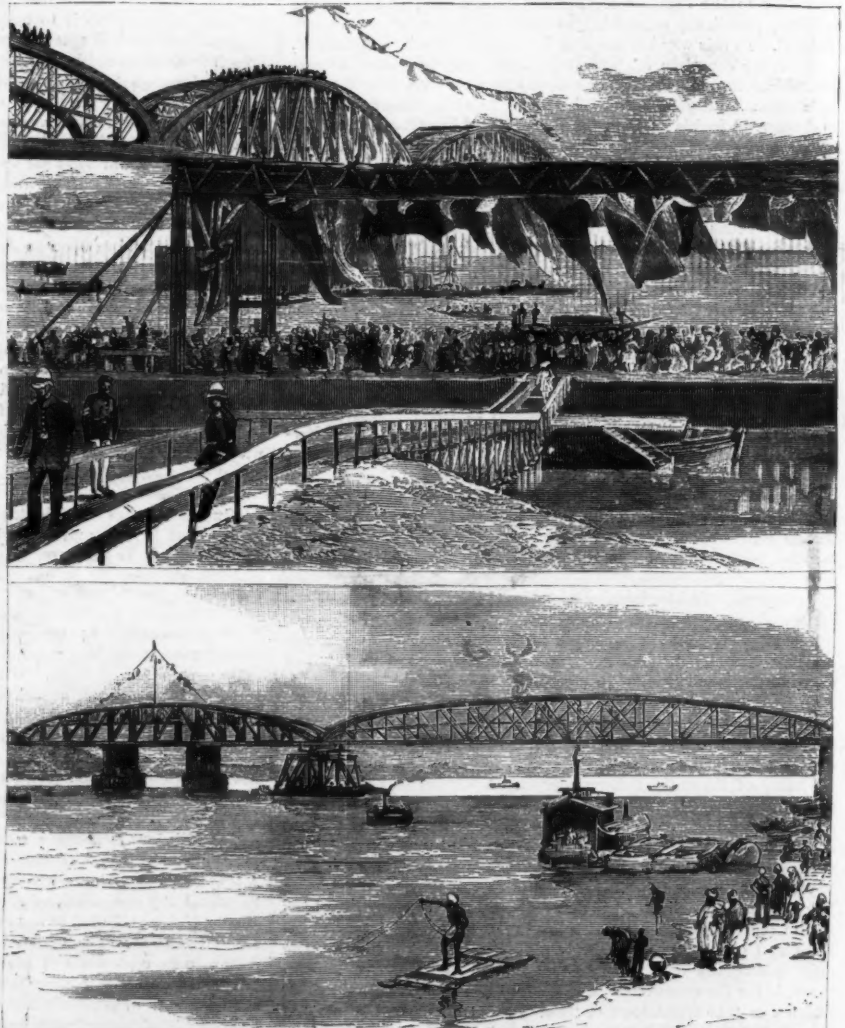
RUSSIA.—EXAMINATION OF A NIHILIST SUSPECT AT THE CHIEF POLICE OFFICE, ST. PETERSBURG.



POLAND.—THE LATE POET KRASZEWSKI.



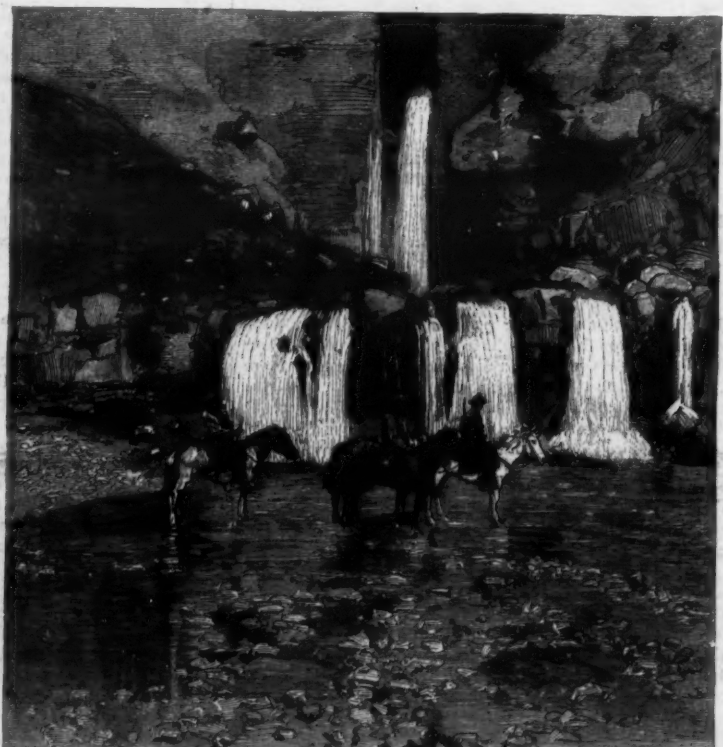
FRANCE.—GENERAL SAUSSIER, MILITARY GOVERNOR OF PARIS, AND HIS STAFF.

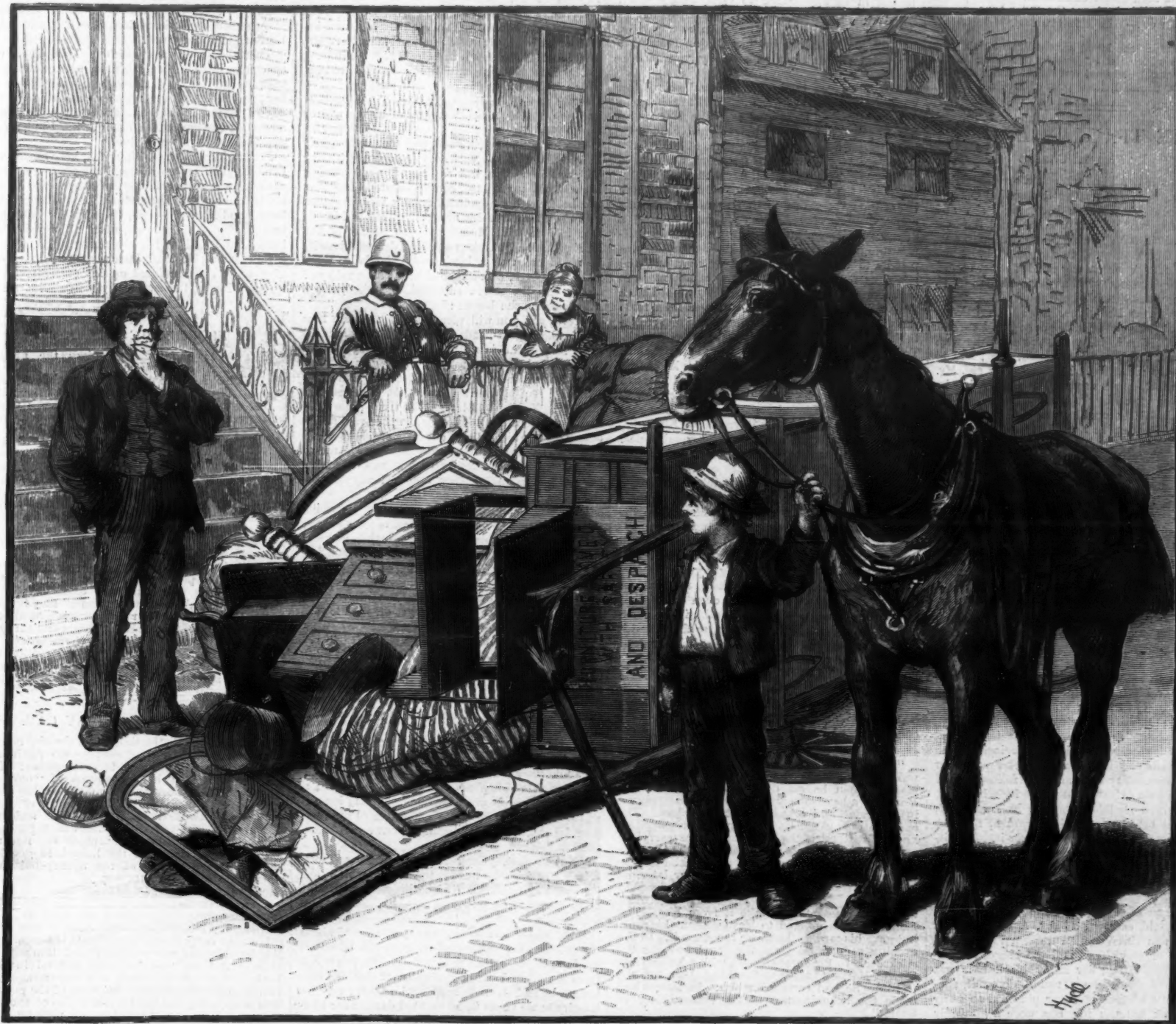


INDIA.—THE NEW "JUBILEE" RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE HOOGHLY RIVER.



ICELAND.—1. TOURISTS VIEWING A GEYSER. 2. A "BÆR" (FARMHOUSE). 3. THE CASCADE OF MERKJARFOSS.





MAY-DAY MORNING, OR "MOVING DAY," IN NEW YORK CITY—AN UPSET.
FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 166.



COWBOY LIFE IN MONTANA.—CATCHING A CALF FOR BRANDING.
FROM A PHOTO, BY C. D. RIRKLAND, CHEYENNE.—SEE PAGE 166.

HER TEACHERS.

WHO taught the singer that note of love—
Its high sweet exaltation?
And where did she learn the fuller tone
Of its woe?—Was it inspiration?

Oh! the man who loved her the light touch gave
As he whispered of joy and pleasure;
But the man she loved struck the fuller chord
As she drained the depths of love's measure.

THE TRUMAN BABY.

BY RACHEL CAREW.

AT home Jack Aiken had been a sensible fellow enough, with a very good record at Oxford, over which he was becomingly shy and silent; clever with an oar or a gun, and the best of companions for a club dinner or a tramp over the hills. One short week in the Black Forest had worked a change which any of his former chums would have witnessed with despair. He had taken to wearing violets in his button-hole, had grown indifferent about his dinner, sat on his balcony stringing the moon out of countenance, and carried a volume of Heine in his pocket, in company with a dictionary, which prosaic volume, alas! had to be frequently consulted. Even with its aid, Mr. Aiken found the poems somewhat obscure, but he felt that they would be quite in harmony with his state of mind if he could manage to get at their meaning. He wore inches off a spick-span new umbrella drawing a certain profile in the sand, and had been severely reprimanded by a red-faced guard, with a gold band round his hat, for absent-mindedly carving some interlaced initials on the back of an artificially rustic bench.

The cause of all this folly was a pretty girl, in a white flannel dress, with a bunch of crimson geraniums under her dainty round chin. Miss Margery Dayre was sweet and winning enough to make a fool of a far wiser man than Jack Aiken, with her demure blue eyes, which could twinkle so saucily behind their curling lashes, her half-sad, half-pouting red lips, her delicate, babyish complexion, and an air of youth and naturalness about her which was quite ravishing.

Jack had seen his divinity but a few times, and then, when in range of her eyes, he had allowed himself but a brief, worshipful glance; they were perfect strangers to each other, and as yet Fate had pointed out no way upon which they could approach to nearer acquaintance. She was sitting alone on a bench, reading in semi-seclusion, near the promenade at Wildbad, when Jack saw her for the first time. For several days following the young man paid extravagant prices for a boathouse rosebud, which he laid upon the hallowed seat, hoping that his charmer might return, find the rose and possibly condescend to wear it. He discontinued this practice only on discovering his offering fell under the clutches of a ragged street urchin, who besieged him with requests to buy it back with a shameless advance of price. Afterwards he had seen the young lady accompanied by a nursemaid, carrying a baby. A very gorgeous personage was this Venetian nursemaid, with an abundance of rosy cheek, and the biggest, blackest eyes imaginable; her shiny black hair was plaited in a disk like a round doormat, surrounded by a nimbus of silver pins like so many spoons stuck handles in. She wore a glaringly impractical apron of finely embroidered muslin, trimmed with lace, and her wide cap-ribbons, hanging down to the bottom of her dress, were of a celestial blue, to match the baby's shoes and sash. The baby was like the majority of its kind: pink-cheeked, unwinking, impassive, even when kissed and caressed by its lovely aunt or cousin, as Mr. Aiken supposed the object of his adoration to be. How he envied the unappreciative little beggar when it got its chubby fists kissed, or was allowed to tangle them in the girl's sunny hair!

Save for the fascination of the *beaux yeux* of Miss Dayre, Jack Aiken had no reason for prolonging his stay at Wildbad; he had no rheumatism to be charmed away by the hot baths; he couldn't busy himself with crochet and Kensington while the band played, as the ladies did, and he was not an artist mad after sketching. On the contrary, he had a strong inducement to leave the place, thereby escaping the scornful glances and audible sniffs of an elderly, somewhat unprepossessing lady whom he had met before under very distressing circumstances.

Some weeks previously Jack had been in Heidelberg with an old school-friend; they had planned a run up to the Königstuhl, agreeing that the one to arrive last on the top of the tower was to stand treat for beer. Jack far outstripped his friend, who was nowhere in sight as the former scrambled up the steps. When he had regained his breath and admired the view, Jack, hearing footsteps approaching in the tower, thought he would play a trick on his chum, letting him suppose for the first half of the ascent that he was first to arrive. Jack stole quietly down the spiral stair, dark as a pocket, extended his arms at the critical moment, and inclosed in a bear-like hug—not his friend, alas! but a substantial female form cased in silk profusely sown over with scratchy jet beads. She gave a shriek which made the solid tower tremble to its foundations, seized Jack by the shoulders and shook him till his teeth chattered, exclaiming: "You cowardly villain, to try to rob a delicate, defenseless woman in the dark! Shame on you, you disgrace to your sex!" She hustled him down the steps and into the light of day, where he found that his cuff-button had become caught in his assailant's watch-chain, wrenching the watch from its stronghold beneath the bead embroidery. Jack burst into a torrent of apology and explanation, but the lady listened with a look of stony incredulity in her eye. A group of attentive listeners gathered round them, consisting of the photograph-woman, the beer-boy, an umbrella-vendor, a goat and two dogs. Jack felt that

public opinion was against him; his conduct certainly looked suspicious, particularly as Norris, his friend, seemed to have lost his way and failed to put in an appearance to verify Jack's story. Jack beat a retreat as hastily as he could in decency, hearing hurried after him as a parting benediction: "If my brother, Major Trott, was here, you wouldn't get off so easily, you smooth-spoken rascal!"

The one person in the world whom Jack wished particularly to avoid, Miss Trott, had turned up in Wildbad, beaded jacket and all. She had recognized Jack at once, and he actually felt the marrow in his bones frizzle under the glare of her vindictive eye. As a set-off to his torture, it was bliss to watch for a certain graceful figure in white, walking down the stately avenue of oaks, and to Jack the ordinary band of musicians seemed a heavenly choir when pretty Margery deigned to lend a dainty pink ear. Another pretty woman in half-mourning, presumably the baby's mamma, was usually to be seen with Margery now, and the gorgeous nursemaid and baby were left more to each other's society. Jack ardently wished for a nearer intercourse with his charmer than from the width of the promenade, or from one coffee-table to its fellow under the next protecting oak. To other eyes she took apparently little notice of him, but she always managed to let him know that she was aware of his presence. He had gleaned what satisfaction he could in reading each day in *The Strangers' List* the names, "Mrs. Truman, infant and nurse, and Miss Dayre, Hotel Klumpp." But this was a short step towards acquaintance. He knew no one in Wildbad to introduce him, unless Miss Trott, who would be scarcely likely to sing his praise. Leaving his hotel and taking a room at the "Klumpp" was too commonplace a way of bringing himself into possible notice; the desired end must be effected in a far more romantic way. Jack earnestly wished that some peril might menace his adored Margery; a mad bull or runaway horse, or something equally dangerous, from which he could save her at the risk of his own life, and without injury even to one hair of her golden locks. Or, luckier still, if the nurse were to drop the baby in the river, so that he, with remarkable courage and presence of mind, might plunge in and rescue it from a watery grave.

But nothing of this dramatic kind seemed likely to occur, and each day Jack awoke with the haunting dread that Margery would leave Wildbad and be lost to him for ever. One morning, over his coffee, he read in the *San Francisco Argonaut* the following paragraph:

"An English gentleman, Sir James N—, was walking recently in the Park of La Granja, near Madrid, when he sat down on a bench to rest. Presently a handsomely attired nurse, carrying an infant, came and seated herself near him. The child at once fixed its eyes on the bright silver knob of the stick the Englishman was carrying, and stretched out its arms for it. The stranger abandoned the coveted object to the child to play with; but when, a quarter of an hour later, he wished to resume his walk, the infant refused to give up the stick, and screamed with rage when the nurse attempted to take it from him. The gentleman was obliged to leave without his cane, but gave his card to the nurse to return it. In the evening a domestic from the Court brought the stick back to Sir James N—, with a letter from Queen Maria Christina, thanking him for the pleasure he had caused her son. Sir James had made the acquaintance of the future King of Spain."

Jack read this paragraph carefully twice, and sat for five minutes in deep reflection. Then, like a man inspired, he arose and betook himself to a quarter of the village where he had frequently noticed a bric-a-brac shop under the management of a gentleman of Hebrew extraction, Moses Isaacsohn by name.

Here, after deliberation, he selected a walking-stick with a gold knob of curious antique workmanship, paying for it an extortionate price, of which he must have felt ashamed in a cool moment, afterwards. He then returned to his hotel, and to the surprise of even the stolid German waiter, ordered another breakfast with the addition of honey, a dainty which he had hitherto refused with scorn. He barely sipped the second relay of coffee, and then, when no eye was upon him, he furtively dipped the gold knob of his cane in the honey, half drying it with his silk handkerchief, so that the sticky substance might not be too noticeable to a casual glance. He then proceeded to a certain pagoda overlooking the tumbling, fussy little river where Mrs. Truman's baby and nurse were wont to tarry at that hour. From afar Jack caught the glitter of the Venetian woman's silver nimbus; and the glow of her cap-ribbons, a bright crimson this time, made a warm dash of color in the landscape. The baby seemed particularly affable, and Jack, though in the bottom of his heart profoundly indifferent to all humanity at the tender, angelic stage, sat down beside and began to beam upon this infant with a hypocritical smile, holding his new stick in tempting prominence.

Joy unspeakable, the bait took! The serious infantile eye brightened, the cherubic fists clutched the cane and conveyed the bright knob to the over-receptive mouth, where it was engulfed with a moist gurgle of delight. No need to fear that the scion of the house of Truman would relinquish without a struggle that seductive aggregate of glittering gold knob and honey. Jack made a disgracefully feeble effort to regain his property, but the baby defeated him with one inarticulate snort and reproachful roll of his solemn blue eyes. With a deprecating shrug of the shoulders, this finished hypocrite left the infant Truman in triumphant possession of the stick, and withdrew, giving a card with his address to the be-ribboned nurse, and murmuring some indistinct jumble about the happiest moment of his life being when he found himself able to contribute to the amusement of so charming a child.

He went home in blissful anticipation for the result; perhaps Mrs. Truman would be indisposed

to write, and a sweetly worded note of thanks for his amiability would come from Miss Margery instead—or, delicious possibility! the ladies might express their acknowledgments in words, when next they all met on the promenade. At any rate, the ice would be broken, and Jack already saw himself invited to their coffee-table of an afternoon, instead of sitting in his usual bachelor solitude.

The next morning a note was brought to him, which he tore open eagerly, and read:

"Mr. Aiken is requested to claim his property at Room No. 42, Hotel Klumpp, at eleven o'clock this morning."

There was no name signed, and Jack was vaguely disappointed at the terseness of the composition; still, the invitation was an honor, and dressing himself with great care, Jack presented himself at the hotel at the appointed hour. He was shown into No. 42, and to his amazement found himself face to face with Miss Trott, his enemy of the Königstuhl. Too taken aback to defend himself, he stood meek as a lamb, while the lady, more irate than ever, overwhelmed him with a volley of abuse. As the storm subsided and she grew a little calmer, she began:

"Now, sir, you will please explain to me how my brother's gold-headed stick, a gift from an old army friend who is no more, came into your possession. I had it in my hand the day of your shameless assault in the Königstuhl, and have mourned its loss ever since, till now Fate restores it to me. You had better tell the truth; the most ingenious lie will not help you, for I have a police officer outside the door to cut off your escape."

"Do you mean to say that you accuse me of stealing your stick during that unlucky collision at the Königstuhl?" Jack asked, slowly recovering from his bewilderment.

"Remembering the mysterious way in which my watch managed to fasten itself to your sleeve, and losing at the same time a valuable locket I wore round my neck, I do accuse you of stealing my brother Major Trott's walking-stick."

"Upon my word, madam, I never in my life heard such preposterous folly! I must have swallowed your stick to be able to get off with it that day, under your very eyes."

"Pray don't get violent and abusive; it will not do you the least good. A clever rogue could manage to conceal half a dozen such sticks in his sleeve. No, sir, I'm not so easily appeased; I demand to know how this piece of property came into your possession, and what have you done with my locket?"

"I bought that stick at a Jew junk-shop, two days ago, on the Tannengasse. I know nothing at all about your locket. Now, if you please, we will consider this ridiculous interview at an end; if you can prove the stick is yours, you may keep it and welcome. I confess to something of an aversion for it since the beginning of our amiable discussion."

"Not so fast, young man," said Miss Trott, grimly, backing towards the door, which she opened, leaving Jack grinding his teeth with rage as he heard the key turn in the lock, making him a prisoner.

Herr Moses Isaacsohn, when questioned about the gold-headed walking-stick, flatly denied all acquaintance or connection with it; in buying it from a shabby-looking renovator of disabled umbrellas he had strongly suspected a theft; now, as inquiry arose about it, he sensed danger for himself in the affair, and swore that it had never been in his shop.

This complicated matters for Jack, who had nobody to testify in his favor. Miss Trott laid the case before a lawyer glad of a chance for occupation, and in the course of an hour Jack was informed that he would be released on bail only, and under bond to appear for trial three days hence. If he refused to furnish the sum named, he would be lodged at the expense of the town among other malefactors. The poor boy's funds were low, and he could not possibly furnish the amount required without a week's delay—a confession which he made frankly.

Still under lock and key at No. 42, he was allowed a few hours for reflection before his ignominious removal to the Wildbad Jail. He glanced about the room to see what chances it offered for escape; glass doors led from it upon a balcony two stories from the ground, and communicating with other rooms. He could not jump from it, nor could he make his way through somebody else's room; besides, such a sneaking, underhand kind of escape would put him in a worse light with some people whom he wished to impress favorably. There seemed nothing for him but to grin and bear with moderate patience a few days in the lock-up.

How deplorably he had miscalculated the effect of his honeyed bribe to the Truman baby! He had succeeded only in making himself thoroughly ridiculous, if not disgraced, in the eyes of the girl for whose good opinion he craved. Jack was aroused from the dreariest of meditations by a tapping on the glass door of the balcony; it opened, and Margery, white and trembling, stood before him.

"I beg your pardon for disturbing you, Mr. Aiken," she began, in a timid, hurried voice; "but I wanted to give you this," holding out a tiny purse of gold net-work. "Please don't refuse."

"But Miss Dayre, I really—"

"You must take it—it is enough to pay the fine that that abominable old woman demands. I am so sorry and ashamed for what has happened, when you were so kind to my little nephew. That horrid, suspicious Miss Trott—she saw your stick when Serafina brought it home with baby, and pounced on it like a mad thing, declaring you had stolen it. She made my sister Clara promise to keep quiet till she had asked a lot of questions about you. I wouldn't promise, for I think it all such an insult. Take the money, and say nothing about my giving it to you. Now I must go—it will not do to let them find me here."

Jack, his eyes bright and humid with delight and gratitude, took the little hand with its graceful offering and pressed it to his lips more than once, Margery seeming too agitated to think of drawing it away. There was a sound of approaching footsteps outside, and she retired as swiftly and noiselessly as she had come.

Thanks to this surreptitious loan, Jack was spared an intimate acquaintance with prison regulations in the Black Forest; he was released on bail, and letters from home, combined with the fiat of Major Trott, who arrived upon the scene and discountenanced his sister's sharp judgment, placed him above suspicion.

Jack suddenly found himself a hero among the little English *coterie*; Mrs. Truman treated him with the warmest cordiality, to compensate for the ills he had suffered through a desire to amuse her baby; and Margery—well, the Truman baby had turned out a little brick, after all, for he had brought them all on friendly terms together; and before leaving Wildbad, Jack wrote to Norris, begging to be congratulated on his engagement to Margery Dayre, the sweetest girl in all the world.

FLORIDA "CRACKERS."

SECTIONAL nomenclature gives the Florida settler the nickname of "Cracker," just as he of Indiana is known as the "Hoosier." The Cracker is not such a romantic type of humanity as his flowery, semi-tropical surroundings might be expected to develop; but this is probably due to the fact that he is not usually a native of Florida, but comes from the New England or Middle States, or is perhaps a European immigrant. The languid Southern climate, however, brings about certain modifications, and one observes in the typical settler of several years' standing a paradoxical combination of Yankee shrewdness and energy with the indolence peculiar to a warm climate. The accents of his speech are also gradually softened, through constant association with the mellow negro dialect.

The thrifty Cracker drives his own conveyance—a vehicle of capacity if not of style, and though slow according to our notions, quite capable of "getting there," wherever "there" may happen to be. In the case of our picture it is a rural ball, and the way lies over the sandy tracts and through the "pine barrens" which are characteristic of Central Florida. The blooming maidens in the wagon are like roses in the wilderness, and belie the desert appearance of the surrounding country.

THE TERRORS OF MAY DAY.

THE 1st of May is the time when the city nomad can sympathize most deeply with the inhabitants of a place addicted to earthquakes. The shaking-up caused by the advent of "moving-day" is more violent and extended than the average seismic disturbance. Thousands of men, women and children find themselves suddenly homeless in the great city—for can a place be called home where the stovepipes are not up, where the wreckage of the household goods is heaped in the middle of the uncarpeted floor, where one eats from the top of an ice-box, and sleeps in a bath-tub?

Certain children, and even grown persons of super-sanguine temperament, are wont to go to Harlem, or Hoboken, or some other alleged rural suburb, at early morn, to celebrate the coming of May by skipping around poles and hunting for violets; but the real May Day festival in New York is that of the truck and the storage-van. Before these juggernauts the bulk of the population must bow; and the playful antics of the proverbial bull in the china-shop are nothing compared to the ghoulish glee of the cartman and his helpers amidst the bric-a-brac and the parlor furniture. Was it Franklin who said that three removes were as bad as a fire? Considering that one may be insured against fire, but not against the vicissitudes of the truck, we should say that one remove is worse than a conflagration, and about equal to an earthquake and tidal wave combined.

COWBOYS AT WORK.

SUPPLEMENTARY to the pictures of life on the great Western cattle-ranges, which have been given from time to time in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, and particularly in No. 1647, an illustration of the branding process appears in the present number, on page 165. With the appearance of the Spring grass on the prairies, the cowboy's activity begins. First comes the "round-up," then the branding of the calves and all unmarked cattle. The beast has to be chased out and lassoed—by the horns if it have them, by the feet if it be a calf. This is the source, by-the-way, of the expression "to rope in." Thrown and bound by a dexterous jerk of the lasso, which its struggles only draw the tighter, the calf is dragged by the bronco to the spot where the little portable furnace is in readiness. The hot iron is pressed for a second or two against the quivering flank, where it leaves indelibly stamped the peculiar registered letter or mark of the owner. This operation over, the poor animal is released, and plunges off to rejoin the herd. It is marked for future sacrifice, and its life thenceforward is as hard as its end is tragic.

ON THE FIRE-ESCAPE.

THE fire-escape is a familiar and far from ornamental external feature of New York architecture, particularly in the tenement districts. The danger from fire in tall buildings inhabited by from thirty to fifty families is so great, that this means of exit is usually provided in both the front and the rear. The efficacy of the fire-escape is too often, unfortunately, baffled by the carelessness of the tenants themselves, who on each floor use it in Winter as a refrigerator, and in Summer as a kind of Babylonian hanging-garden, or a place of storage for tubs, boxes, fuel and lumber in general. Descend, in case of a fire-alarm, is thus impeded, or prevented altogether. The frantic people throw one another off, or stick crowded together until they are burned to death, as has happened in several well-remembered instances in this city.

In the case of the Essex Street fire, in the early part of the current month, the two adjoining tenements burned were inhabited by some thirty families, most of whom were in their beds when the flames broke out on the ground floor. All of

these got out or were rescued alive, chiefly by means of the fire-escapes; though over a score were injured, and one child died the next day. The majority of the sufferers were women and children, many of whom had to be carried down bodily by the firemen. The loss of life would have been fearful, had not the two fire-escapes, which were upon the front of the house, been comparatively free from obstruction.

On Tuesday night of last week two more dangerous tenement-house fires occurred, and there were the usual difficulties with the fire-balconies, and many hairbreadth escapes. Some of the little ones had been entirely abandoned by their parents, who, in their panic, had only thought of saving themselves, and these would probably have been suffocated by the dense smoke had it not been for the gallant firemen and policemen.

The janitors, whose power in their respective domains is usually that of absolute monarchy, should be made to enforce the rule that the fire-escape is to be strictly let alone, except in case of the emergency for which it is provided.

LA CROSSE, WIS.

THE SECOND CITY IN THE STATE IN POPULATION AND COMMERCIAL IMPORTANCE.

THE city of La Crosse, Wis., cannot lay any claim to historical antiquity, being little more than thirty years old. The town site was surveyed in 1842, but the city was not incorporated until 1857, at which time it had a population of only 3,000. From this event it dates its birth into the family of the Great Northwest, and while the period of its full growth cannot be predicted nor the full measure of its maturity estimated, it has shown in these thirty years a wonderful vigor of constitution, and now, in its early manhood, presents a population of 28,000 people, enjoying all the comforts which mark the civilization of the age.

The city is pleasantly situated at the confluence of the La Crosse and Black Rivers with the Mississippi, and occupies a situation of great natural beauty, sheltered on the east by a semicircular range of bluffs, meeting a similar range on the Minnesota shore, which shelter it equally on the west. These inclose a level tract of prairie with a scarcely perceptible slope towards the river. On this the city is built, being laid out with a view of retaining both the picturesque and utilitarian elements of its situation, and no finer study for an artist or more charming view for the lover of nature can be found than from the top of one of its bluffs.

From the geographical situation of the city, all the lumber of the region drained by the Black River is felled by its enterprise and brought to its doors, and the products of the St. Croix and the Chippewa must pass it on their way to a market. Under these circumstances a large portion of its capital is invested in the lumbering business, over 3,000,000 feet of logs being annually manufactured into lumber, lath, shingles and similar products, by its numerous saw mills. An important adjunct to this industry, and demonstrating its importance, is the fleet of vessels which it calls into requisition, there being enrolled at the La Crosse Custom House forty-eight steamboats with an aggregate tonnage of 3,250 tons. Although for many years the manufacture of lumber was the chief industry of the city, and still occupies a prominent position, it has gradually ceased to be the staple, other and diversified manufacturing establishments having from time to time sprung into existence, all of which have been very successful, and new ones are being continually added, so that the future of the city no longer depends upon the success of any one pursuit; and it is worthy of note that while at one time the products of the forest overshadowed in volume and value the output of all the other manufacturing establishments, and while the manufacture of lumber has steadily increased, yet its proportion to the whole has at the same time as steadily decreased, and it now merely ranks as one among many labor-supplying and wealth-producing agencies.

Among the establishments which have led to this result are large flour mills with their attendant cooperages; a mammoth tannery, extensive plow works, and a carriage factory noted for its fine class of work; two boat yards, and several extensive manufactories of furniture, sash doors and blinds; four large breweries, and a number of cigar manufactories; several extensive concerns for the manufacture of knitted and woven woolen goods; large cracker, soap and broom factories; three large pork-packing establishments; a large number of boiler shops, machine shops, and foundries for heavy machinery, stoves and all grades and weights of other castings; marble works, spice mills, and countless other industries.

A prominent factor in the industrial economies of La Crosse is the fact that the great bulk of the laboring population are freeholders, each owning his little homestead, and all are thus interested in the safety of the community and the welfare of the city. Strikes are a thing unknown, and a steady supply of labor can always be relied upon. The climatic and sanitary features of the city are exceptionally favorable, as, from its sheltered position between the great hills lying in its rear, and those across the river in its front, it escapes the extremes of temperature, and violent storms are unknown. It enjoys other advantages which are conducive to health. It is largely built upon a dry, light sandy soil, and the population is spread over a great area. There are no crowded tenement-houses, no paupers living in basements and back yards, while the greater number of even the laboring classes live in their own houses, separated from their neighbors by yards and gardens. The danger of overcrowding, with the consequent saturation of the soil with disease-germs, is thus avoided, and the mortality statistics show a rate of mortality of only twelve per thousand.

One phase of the history of many Western cities has been uniformly absent from that of La Crosse, namely, the so-called "boom." Its business men have been extremely conservative, and have never discounted the future, but every step has always been forward. During the past five years, however, the progress has been so accelerated as almost to partake of the nature of that phenomenon, as during that period its population has increased from 17,000 to 28,000; the local railroad tonnage has increased from 172,000 tons to 469,000 tons; the value of goods manufactured has increased one hundred, and of the goods handled at wholesale and retail, one hundred and fifty, per cent.; the aggregate bank deposits have increased from \$13,000,000 to \$26,000,000; and during that period the amount expended in the building operations of the city for manufacturing and residence purposes was nearly five millions of dollars.

With the increased resources suggested by the foregoing figures, the citizens of La Crosse have kept step in the march towards the worldly com-

forts and intellectual enjoyments which our civilization affords. Electric lighting, street cars, a public library, literary and social societies, commodious opera halls, an excellent system of water works, and thirty churches, many of them handsome specimens of architecture, bespeak a community possessed of cultivated tastes and of the means of ministering to their enjoyment. The school system is the peculiar pride of the city, and no efforts are spared to maintain its efficiency; one feature of it being the free text-book system, by which parents are spared the ever-recurring expense of supplying new books as their children advance in grade; and the ultimate economy of the plan is demonstrated by the fact that the average cost per pupil on the average enrollment for books and all other supplies is about sixty-seven cents per annum.

The transportation facilities enjoyed by La Crosse are exceptionally good; besides the Mississippi River, it has railroads diverging to every point of the compass. The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, the Chicago and Northwestern, and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroads, three of the greatest lines of railway in the country, place it in direct communication with the East, West, North and South, and secure for it for all time to come everything it may need in the settlement of the problems of its freight and passenger traffic facilities. Three new and beautiful depots have only recently been constructed in order to meet the necessities of the passenger business of the city, and they are not only architectural ornaments, but are an evidence of the enterprise of the railroad management of the lines referred to. But in addition to these great railways, there are still others of lesser note, yet, nevertheless, important: the Green Bay, Winona and St. Paul Railroad, traversing an agricultural region, places the city in direct connection with the great lakes, considerably nearer than Chicago to their terminus; the Wisconsin Valley Railroad affords free access to valuable pine and hard-lumber regions; while the River Division of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway connects the city to the north with the Northern and Canada Pacific Railways and their feeders, and to the south with St. Louis and her tributary railway systems. Its Minnesota Divisions open up to La Crosse enterprise, Northern Iowa, Southern and Middle Minnesota, and the seemingly insatiable markets of Dakota. Other roads are contemplated, and some of them in actual progress. The Canada, La Crosse and Southwestern will commence at St. Joseph, Mo., traverse diagonally the State of Iowa to La Crosse, continue northeastward through the iron beds of Black River Falls, thence onward through the lumber districts of Wisconsin and the mineral regions of Michigan to the Sanit Ste. Marie, where it will effect a junction with the Canada Pacific, and open another and shorter route to the seaboard. The Waterloo, Decorah and Wisconsin, commencing at Des Moines, Iowa, will also pass through La Crosse, and thence seek an outlet to the north and east.

The business people of La Crosse attribute much of its prosperity to the exertions of the Board of Trade, a body organized to promote the welfare of the city in all possible ways. Although not possessed of any legislative or executive functions, this organization has had a weighty influence in shaping the destinies of the city, fostering and stimulating every effort for the public good. La Crosse already enjoys the proud pre-eminence of being the second city in the State of Wisconsin, and possessing as it does so many natural advantages, having already laid such a foundation for future greatness, if her people display half as much energy in the future as they have in the past, they can look forward with certainty to the attainment of a position of greatness among great cities.

JOHN H. PATTERSON.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE RUSSIAN Nihilists.

OUR Russian picture represents the scene at the chief police office in St. Petersburg, when one of the men taken into custody, after the recent attempts on the Czar's life, was identified as a Nihilist. A number of "tworniks," or doorkeepers of dwelling-houses in the city, have been summoned to look at the prisoner, who stands on a chair, handcuffed and guarded, and whom the witnesses are invited to recognize. Traces of the conspiracy have been discovered at Charkoff, Kiev, Warsaw, Moscow, Odessa and Novo Teberk, and experienced detectives have been sent to those places from St. Petersburg to assist the local authorities in their inquiries and researches. Six of the men arrested for complicity in the plot which was to have been carried out on March 13th last were sentenced to death last week. The other convicted conspirators have been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

KRASZEWSKI.

Joseph Ignatius Kraszewski, the illustrious Polish poet, patriot and man of letters, died in Geneva last month, aged seventy-four years. He was born at Warsaw, educated at the University of Wilna, and from 1831 to 1834 he was under arrest for his revolutionary sympathies. He edited the *Gazeta Polska* at Warsaw in 1860-63. His famous writings include, besides his poems and romances, works of history, science, criticism and travel. A few years ago Kraszewski, while living in Dresden, was falsely accused of having betrayed certain secrets of the German Government to France. He was cast into prison, and might have ended his days there, but for the intervention of the Queen of Italy in his behalf. After his release, he went to Italy, and finally took up his abode in Switzerland, where he died. His remains were taken to Cracow, where the grand funeral, on Monday of last week, was attended by six thousand persons from all parts of Europe. The Government prohibited any kind of a demonstration, and forbade all schoolmasters, Government officials, professors, corporations or military bands to attend the funeral. The speeches delivered at the services were supervised beforehand, and all allusions to the imprisonment of the dead poet eliminated. Eight hundred wreaths were laid on the catafalque. At the Cathedral of St. Mary, Bishop Dunajewski celebrated a requiem Mass. Black flags were displayed throughout the city, lamps were swathed in crape and dense crowds thronged the streets.

GENERAL SAUSSIER.

The most important of the French generals of the present day, leaving the great Boulevard out of the question, is General Saussier, the Military Governor of Paris. Like the Minister of War, he is the recipient of loud acclamations whenever he appears in public. Our picture represents him as he appeared, surrounded by his staff, at the recent triennial review of the troops of the Paris

garrison, held on the esplanade of the Invalides and the Quai d'Orsay. The small army thus reviewed consisted of eight regiments of infantry; the Republican Guard, mounted and foot; two regiments of cavalry, dragoons and cuirassiers; a battalion of firemen; two batteries of artillery; a body of *cavaliers*, and six ambulance-wagons.

THE HOOGHY RAILWAY BRIDGE.

The new Hooghly Railway Bridge, which forms a connecting link between the East Indian and Eastern Bengal lines, was recently opened by Lord Dufferin, in the presence of the Lieutenant-governor and a large party of visitors. At Lord Dufferin's suggestion it was called the Jubilee Bridge, and during the subsequent luncheon the Viceroy proposed the health of Sir Bradford Leslie, K.C.S.I., agent and chief engineer of the East Indian Railway Company, under whose superintendence the bridge has been constructed. The bridge has been constructed within three years, and has cost about £440,000. The East Indian Railway and branches are 1,680 miles in length. The line is the property of the State, but is worked by a company, of which Sir Bradford Leslie is the agent, the State receiving four-fifths and the company one-fifth of the profits. These amounted during the last six years to four millions sterling. Forty-three thousand persons are employed upon the line, and the gross income exceeds that of the State of Bengal.

PICTURES FROM ICELAND.

Our Iceland sketches are from recent photographs by the young French explorer, Dr. Henry Labonne, who is at present sojourning upon that strange isle of the Northern seas. One picture shows a group of tourists watching one of the famous geysers, while it is in a state of comparative quiescence; another represents the exterior of a *baer*, which signifies a native farmhouse or fisherman's hut. The remarkable cascade of Merkjafoss is one of the most visited of the beautiful waterfalls which abound in Iceland.

FACTS OF INTEREST.

THERE will be no less than from \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000 invested in building operations in Philadelphia this Spring.

The arrivals of emigrants at Liverpool en route to the United States have attained such unusual magnitude that many extra steamers are being employed to transport them.

PHILADELPHIA capitalists are making large investments in Southwest Virginia and Tennessee. The ores of the former section are being taken freely by Pennsylvania manufacturers.

THE Mexican Chamber of Deputies has approved the proposed amendment of the Constitution of the Republic so as to admit two successive Presidential terms. It is believed that the amendment will be passed by the Senate and sanctioned by the requisite Legislature.

SUCCESSFUL experiments have been made at Metz with a navigable balloon propelled by an electric motor. The *Angsborg Allgemeine Zeitung* says the balloon is the invention of a German engineer named Welker, who for some time was employed in America, where he perfected his discovery. The German Government, the paper says, has bought the invention, paying for it 1,000,000 marks down and another 1,000,000 which is to be paid in installments. The speed of the balloon exceeds that of a railway train, and it may be stopped and directed at will, moving against the wind. Possibly these latter statements should be taken with some grains of allowance.

At a dinner recently given in New York the hosts presented their guests with satin banjos, exquisitely painted in water-colors and mounted in silver. These, with the corsage bouquet, were laid at each lady's plate. A gentleman gave a theatre party to a dozen of his friends, and after the theatre a supper at Delmonico's. Just before the conclusion of the repast six gilt bird-cages, each containing a sweet-voiced canary-bird, were brought in and presented to his lady guests. Silver enters very largely into ornaments for favors. Silver toilet articles of ornate designs are sought for, and the dressing-bureau that does not contain a dozen of these articles, artistically spread upon a mat of plush, is decidedly behind the times.

THE British Budget, introduced in the House of Commons last week, shows that last year the expenses of the Government amounted to about \$450,000,000, and the revenue reached the same sum. There has been a saving of \$1,315,000 in the Army estimates, and of \$1,735,000 in the estimates for the Civil Service. The Budget estimates the revenue for the coming year at \$455,775,000 and the expenditures at \$450,900,000. It is proposed to raise \$500,000 by charging ten shillings transfer duty on each 100 debentures of stock, which has hitherto almost escaped duty. It is also proposed to take one penny per pound sterling off the income tax, and fourpence per pound sterling off the tobacco tax, and to reduce the taxation on marine policies.

DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

APRIL 17th.—In New York, John J. Crane, one of the founders of the Bank of the Republic, aged 73 years; in New York, Morris Ranger, the well-known cotton operator, aged 53 years; in Glen Ellen, Cal., Charles Kohler, the millionaire wine-maker. April 18th.—In Boston, Mass., John Lord Hayes, LL.D., Secretary of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, aged 75 years; in New York, James R. Thompson, senior member of the Jersey City Steel Company, aged 65 years; in New Haven, Conn., William C. Dole, teacher of athletics at Yale College, aged 65 years. April 19th.—In New York, Alexander Mitchell, the millionaire banker and railway president, of Milwaukee, aged 70 years. April 20th.—In Easton, Pa., Dr. Henry Detwiler, the oldest homoeopathic physician in Pennsylvania, aged 91 years. April 21st.—At Hot Springs, Ark., Major John G. Blaine, brother of Hon. James G. Blaine, and Paymaster, United States Army; in Corning, N. Y., Hon. Alexander Olcott, aged 57 years; in New York, Thomas B. Lewis, founder of the Mexico City Improvement Company, aged 57 years. April 22d.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., John Todd, the well-known New York lawyer, aged 62 years; in Bogota, N. J., Josiah T. Brown, insurance agent, of New York, aged 65 years; in Elizabeth, N. J., Robert L. Collett, commission merchant, of New York; in Asbury Park, N. J., the Rev. Dr. J. B. Dobbins, pastor of the Twentieth Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, aged 68 years.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Atlantic seal-fishing this year has been a comparative failure.

A HIGH-LICENSE BILL has passed one branch of the Massachusetts Legislature.

THE United States has joined the union for the protection of industrial property.

FIGHTING is going on in Afghanistan between the Ameer's troops and the rebel forces.

It is reported that a political confederation has been ratified between the Samoan Islands and the Sandwich Islands.

THE scheme for the erection of an elevated railway in Broadway, New York, has been killed in the State Legislature.

It is said that the Anarchist organization in Chicago known as the International Working People's Association has disbanded.

THERE was, last year, a deficit of \$5,834,571 in the finances of the Canadian Dominion, the largest ever known in the history of the Government.

THE Canadian Government has sent an expedition to locate and make a preliminary survey of the gold-fields in Northern British Columbia, whither there is just now a great rush of miners.

THE Bill for the prohibition of the liquor traffic in Newfoundland was last week defeated in the Assembly by the casting of a vote by the Speaker. It is believed it will certainly be carried at the next session.

A TERRIFIC cyclone swept over the northern part of Vernon County, Mo., last Friday evening, killing five persons instantly, injuring about twenty, and destroying more than \$100,000 worth of property. Myrtle Station, Nansmond County, Va., was similarly devastated on the 18th inst.

A MOVEMENT is on foot for the unification of Central America. By the terms of a new treaty a citizen of one Central American republic can become a citizen of the others without naturalization, and all natural products can pass from one country to another without paying custom duties.

CONTRIBUTORS to the King's County Penitentiary Library, Brooklyn, will be glad to learn that it is now complete, containing over 1,000 volumes. The library was shown to visitors last Thursday for the first time, Warden Green having arranged it in its handsome new case for the occasion.

THE lower branch of the Delaware Legislature has passed a High-license Bill, grading liquor licenses from \$400 for Wilmington down to \$200 for villages and country taverns, and limiting druggists to the sale of liquor on physicians' prescriptions only, and to one sale on each prescription.

PROHIBITION having been defeated at the polls by a small majority, the Michigan Legislature is now giving attention to the enactment of a high-license law. It is proposed to fix the saloon license for towns of 10,000 and upwards at \$700 and the bond at \$10,000, the license and bond decreasing in amount as the size of the town decreases. The minimum license, however, is fixed at \$300.

It is probable that the sale of oleomargarine will cease altogether in New York. Forty-eight dealers and manufacturers in this city walked up to the bar of justice, one day last week, and paid fines amounting in all to \$4,700. This was done on the advice of counsel, who informed the unhappy lawbreakers that the last Court of Appeals decision left them no chance of escape.

THE Supreme Court of the United States has just settled finally the well-known Maxwell land-grant case. The Court affirms the decision of the lower Court, and sustains the patent, which covers 1,714,764 acres. The United States sought to have the patent set aside on the ground of fraud, but the Court says that no satisfactory evidence was presented that even an attempt to commit fraud was made.

THE shoe-cutters of New England have formed an organization, which, so far as that industry is concerned, will take the place of the Knights of Labor. The platform adopted states that the object of this union is to secure a uniform rate of wages according to the amount and quality of work done; it also states that strikes and lockouts are wrong in principle and tend to work harm, and are not for the interests of either employer or employee, and that they should not be resorted to until all other measures fail. Over six thousand workmen are already identified with the movement.

It required three trains to haul Buffalo Bill's Wild West show from the London docks to the grounds of the American Exposition, in another part of the metropolis. The Indians and cowboys came up on the last train, and made a great sensation among the hundreds of English people who had collected in the neighboring streets, in the windows, and even on the roofs of the adjacent houses, to see them. An extra force of police was sent down to maintain order, but they were scarcely able to keep back the crowd when the Indians passed in to their camping-grounds, where they pitched their tents in plain view of everybody.

THE official catalogue of the French Crown Jewels, which Tiffany & Co., of this city, agents of the French Government to further and assist in their sale, have lately received, presents a list of more than thirty thousand brilliants and twenty-seven hundred rose diamonds, of an aggregate weight of over eight thousand carats, with a large variety of pearls, rubies, sapphires and other precious stones. The largest single diamond weighs twenty-seven carats, and in one set are over six thousand brilliants. The jewels, which are now on public exhibition, will be sold at auction in the Palace of the Tuileries, beginning May 8th, and their proceeds turned over to the public treasury. Good judges estimate the market value of the entire collection at not less than ten million francs.

THE intense irritation in Alsace-Lorraine continues to increase. The German authorities there continue to place oppressive restrictions upon the inhabitants. The clergy are forbidden to preach in any language but German. German alone is permitted to be taught in the schools. It is possible that an order will soon be issued prohibiting even the speaking of the French language in these two provinces. The popular irritation was greatly deepened last week by the arrest and imprisonment of a French special commissary, who was decoyed across the German frontier for the purpose. Both the Belgian and Swiss authorities believe that an early conflict between France and Germany is inevitable, and are fortifying strategic points.



THE LIFE OF A FIREMAN IN NEW YORK.—A CONFLAGRATION IN THE TENEMENT DISTRICT—THE RESCUE.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 106.



A WEB OF FATE:

A ROMANCE OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE.

By LIEUTENANT RODNEY.

CHAPTER VIII.—HERTHA AND HILDA.

"Those words," I said, "are like the rest; no certain clearness, but at best, a vague suspicion of the breast."

KENNETH had kept his promise of writing to Hilda, but his letters had been short, as becomes a naturally poor correspondent. All at once they blossomed into vivid description—description of Hertha. Such a letter Hilda read to her mother-in-law, as she would call Mrs. Moray, while defying all idea of Kenneth for a husband. She read, with comments: "I wish you could see this young lady here, Hilda, and perhaps you would learn not to be afraid of things. She is never afraid—I don't believe she is a young lady at all—she is not even afraid of Fury, I even think she may learn to ride her. Horrors! a pretty Amazon she must be, or an Indian! No doubt she is an Indian. I'd rather die than ride Fury! 'She has stuffed a gull, that I shall send to my mother for a Christmas present.' The idea of a girl doing such hideous work as stuffing birds! 'She graduated last Summer, and is very accomplished.' I know I should hate her. 'She is very handsome, fair hair and snow-white skin—' Painted—no one could have a decent complexion by the sea unless they were painted—her eyes are brown or black; I don't know but they are black—' Just like Kenneth, he is surely color-blind. I know her eyes are green. I do wish he knew how to write an interesting letter; I don't think I'll answer this one."

Was this jealousy? Mrs. Moray asked herself the question, looking anxiously at the girl she loved.

Hertha's manner of hearing of Hilda was very different.

The first evening that Kenneth spent at the white house on the dune, after his promise of a story, Hertha said:

"I want you to tell me all about that lovely picture-girl."

Kenneth drew his chair nearer to her and bent forward:

"It is her story, and I do not wish to tell it to more than you," he said, softly, glancing at the knitting Luisa.

"Perhaps you should not tell any one; she might not like it."

"Yes; it will be no harm to tell you. I want to see how it seems to another young girl."

Luisa looked sharply from her knitting towards the dark head bent near the shining golden one.

"Luisa," said Hertha, "Mr. Moray is going to tell me a story."

"What kind of a story?" asked Luisa.

"About the pretty young lady whose picture hangs over his desk. It is only for me to hear. Would you mind sitting further off, Luisa, and don't listen, please?"

"About the young lady?" said Luisa, moving her chair.

"All about the young lady," replied Hertha, nodding. "Now, Mr. Moray."

Kenneth began:

"I just saw that young lady kneeling under a tree in the Arizona desert, with her father nearly dead before her."

"Poor little darling!" said Hertha. "That explains the sad, wistful look in her eyes. And her name is Hilda?"

"I did not know there was such a look in her eyes; but perhaps there is. I came very near being married to her once."

"Then you must be very fond of her."

"I don't think I'm fond of her at all, in that way; and she fairly hates me—we quarrel all the time." And Kenneth explained the story of Hilda. When he had finished:

"You seem to me very stupid," said Hertha, coolly; "but perhaps all young men are. I don't call this girl a coward. She shows courage and calmness, where there's need of them. She is only nervous in little, indifferent things, and as to her not liking you, I believe that is all pretense. Any girl's pride would be roused up to seem not to care for or pursue a man on whom circumstances had so thrust her. Girls feel that they have a right to be followed and courted."

"You seem learned in these things," said Kenneth, piqued.

"I've read a great many books," said Hertha, calmly, "and I can read people, too. I read you. You say you don't care for Hilda in the way of marrying her. Seems to me you have a rather venomous way of mentioning what you call 'the carpet knight,' that Horace Anvers, that you say had been in love with her."

"But I don't wish the girl to throw herself away on a ridiculous little dude, like that," said Kenneth, vigorously.

"He may be much better than that," said Hertha; "and if you try indifference long enough, she may conclude to marry him."

"Let her, if she is so foolish!" said Kenneth; but no effort could conceal the wrath that filled his soul at this notion.

In these days Hilda's bewitching face would often come between Kenneth and the police he was filling, or the manifolds he was copying. As antidote to such beguiling apparitions, he was wont to study a letter which he had received from his father. This letter fortified his soul against Hilda's charms. It was the account of the visit opened by the announcement, "Mr. Bex, from Vulture, Arizona," after which proclamation an unsavory individual who had made bears' grease and muck do duty for soap and water, and who had endeavored to achieve a certain elegance by means of a paste pin, a seal ring, and a very large and gaudy tie, slid into the dim, religious light of Mr. Moray's library, and for the

first time in his existence came within the shadow of the ancients and the circle of the dead languages. He entered with a low bow, treading on his toes, and sweeping his hat in a wide ellipse almost to the carpet, as he made his entering obeisance.

"Ah! B. X., from Vulture?" said the reluctant man of Greek.

"No; but I have the honor to be his agent. That gentleman boarded at my humble dwelling, twice, when in Philadelphia."

"I have heard from him, but I do not know that I have anything to say to him, on any subject."

"He holds very valuable information," said the agent, insinuatingly.

"The value of information is relative, not positive," said Mr. Moray. "Information that I do not want, and should not use, is valueless. In that position I stand to any information held by B. X. I conclude I am better without it, and decline to use it."

"You may lose a great deal by not conciliating this party."

"As far as I am concerned, there is nothing to lose or gain," said Mr. Moray.

"But for the young lady—for her family—for bereaved hearts," suggested the visitor, "is it not your duty to search out this affair in their behalf? Suppose your child—if you have any—were lost?"

"I do not propose to negotiate for information," said Mr. Moray. "If a man holds secrets that the good of his neighbor demands should be revealed, and instead of being moved by honor, humanity, or charity, he goes into market to make a gain out of his neighbor's miseries, he marks himself a man with whom it would not be safe to deal, and on whom one could not rely."

"But what a man owns is his capital, and he has a right to put a price on it, and make his living out of it. B. X. has information worth untold sums to this girl in question; if you meet him on his own ground, it will be well."

"It is impossible for me to get down to his ground," said Mr. Moray, haughtily. "When people do me a favor, I am in the habit of making suitable return. If I commenced to bribe B. X., I might be condoning a felony—I only deal with people of whose moral status I know something."

"Would you like to know how I found you out, Box 726?"

"If agreeable to you to tell it."

"I came to the town, went to the post-office at the hour of delivery, stood by Box 726, and marked who took out letters from that box. You took them out. I had the honor of following you home. I inquired your name. To make sure, I went back to the post-office with a folded newspaper, saying, 'Mr. Moray just dropped this—please put it in his box.' It was put in Box 726, and so I was finally sure of you. Now, would you have arranged such means of finding out B. X. in Vulture, Arizona?"

"Probably I should not."

"They are simple means, used by sharp people. Now, when you are dealing with people keener than you are, it is good sense to compound with them, and not irritate them."

"I am a man of letters—not of affairs," said the old gentleman. "My lawyer attends to all my business, and if you have anything further to say on this subject, go to him."

After which interview Mr. Moray rashly concluded that he was rid of B. X. and all his coadjutors.

October was now making the world very beautiful, heaping up flowers lavishly, as if to spend all her splendid store before the Winter of the world had come. To gather some of these flowers, these rioting asters, this gleaming golden-rod, these gold-hearted daisies, and brilliant black-eyed-susans, went out Hilda, happening to take with her a little child visiting Mrs. Moray. They were in a grove not far from the house, bent down, the black head and the blonde, marking the progress of a snail along the turf, when a foot fell, with cautious motion, on the withered leaves, and Hilda sprang up, as the words were spoken over her head:

"May I talk a little with Miss Calvert?"

That voice came to the girl with associations of terror and pain. It seemed to unseal some long-shut well of bitterness, and yet, these sharp associations she could not converge on any especial time and place. She gathered the child's bright head close to her side against her black dress, and stood looking at the intruder, an ominous hint of defiance in her eyes. "Only a few words," went on the obnoxious voice, "such as a gentleman may speak in the way of business." Blessed thought to Hilda, she had a guardian.

"If there is any business, why not go to the house, to Mr. Moray? Why come here to me? Pray go to the house."

"Impossible, Miss Calvert. This concerns you, not Mr. Moray."

"All that concerns me is his affair—go to him," insisted Hilda.

"Ah, in your simplicity, lovely girl, you fancy that all are as devoted to you as that unexampled man, Mr. Calvert. He was my friend. Out of his lonely grave he speaks to you through me. If you decline to hear, you decline to your loss."

This appeal through Mr. Calvert touched Hilda where she was most impressive, through her affections. She was silent, but her head had an attitude of attention.

"Miss Calvert will surely not be so reckless as to refuse to listen. This that I say concerns a title, honors, an estate, property—all that is most valuable."

Here he missed his mark, and, indeed, lost ground; his voice, in its earnestness, became to Hilda more detestably associated with some dim misery of the past.

"Go away, please! Go to my guardian. I do not care at all for such things as you mention!"

"Young lady, as your father's friend, I must

insist on being heard. You are surrounded by enemies; you are in a snare. Mr. Moray knows important details, which he is keeping secret. He knows your parentage, your history. He remains silent. Why? That he may secure all that you have for his son. His design is to marry you to his son, and as soon as that is accomplished, he will claim for you your estates. Does Mr. Moray pretend to be the best of guardians? It is only to keep you under control, and by means of you to make a great man of his son. Does young Moray claim you for a wife, and hold you by that unfinished ceremony? Young and lovely as you are, it is not for yourself, but for your property?"

Hilda caught her breath and came to her own rescue bravely.

"I think you talk wildly. My property is not so much. What, in these days of millions, are thirty thousand dollars and a few old silver jugs and spoons?"

"It is not of that I speak. What came to you from Mr. Calvert is but a small item. I speak of your heritage, from your own parents, in Germany, your own land. Once you are restored to your rights, you can look to a far higher match than young Moray. The Morays know this, and mean to secure you. A friend of your parents desires to reveal the secret of your birth. You may be, in your own right, a princess!"

Hilda hugged the little yellow head of her child companion closer and closer in her distress: her hands were full of gay flowers, but her face was pallid as death. Her great, frightened eyes gazed on her interlocutor.

"If any one wishes to tell me anything that I should know, why does he not write to me, or go to a lawyer? No one meddles with my letters. I don't want to be a princess; I should hate it! This is my country; I don't want another; and surely my parents could not have cared for me, or they would not so long have abandoned me!"

"They are dead," said the stranger. "Do you not wish to go and weep over your mother's grave?" His voice took a tragic tone.

Once more Hilda asserted herself in a crisis. "I had far better be such a girl as a good Christian mother would want me to be," she cried. "A good mother would say I should trust my guardian, who is kind to me and who is a Christian gentleman, and not hide things from him and treat with strangers. Even if you do say he is deceiving me, I should not be led to deceive him. I can do right myself, and God will protect me."

"Miss Calvert, we have addressed Mr. Moray, and he, for the reasons showed you, refuses to hear us. Your parents' friend cannot get to you; he is in difficulty; he can, in restoring you your property, help also his fallen fortunes. Only empower him to act in your name; only sign a few papers; only furnish, as you can, means to prosecute your interests."

"Now I understand," said Hilda. "You have information, and you want money for it: how much do you want?"

"I can find you a place where all the money we need can be had, without trouble, if you merely sign some letters, and empower your friend—your parents' true friend—to act."

"Now," said Hilda, growing defiant, "I want you distinctly to understand that I will never have any dealings secret from Mr. Moray; I will sign no papers, and write no letters, and if you come and trouble me any more, I shall appeal to the law for protection. You can neither coax nor frighten me. Go!"

"You will repent this!" hissed the man, white with fury.

"I shall tell Mr. Moray all about this to-day, and if I come to any harm in the next ten years, he will have you hung for it: and I know the chief of police has your photograph for a very wicked man!"

Poor Hilda was speaking fast and high; her black eyes blazed; she rushed on without considering much what she was saying; too angry to be frightened, Mr. Calvert's yielding little girl, now driven at bay, was showing the temper Kenneth had predicted. She closed for lack of words to frame her wrath, and tried to pass the man, but he laid a detaining hand on her sleeve.

"How dare you!" cried Hilda. "Let me be! I shall complain; there is my mother-in-law!"

"Your mother-in-law! Are you then already married?" he cried.

Hilda rushed by him, dragging the child, and took refuge with Mrs. Moray, breathlessly pouring out her tale.

The rest of October, and November even into gorgeous Indian Summer, passed quietly. Mr. Moray concluded that, as he and Hilda had been resolute in refusing to bribe, they should hear no more of fortunes and titles, which he made sure existed only in the fancies of impecunious wretches stirred up by his unfortunate advertisements. But as Hilda seemed unnaturally pensive and nervous for a girl of her age, Mrs. Moray advised her to accept an invitation given her to go to Philadelphia to an old schoolmate. The schoolmate in her letter had mentioned Horace Anvers, and Mrs. Moray sent Hilda off, assured that she would meet her quondam lover. But she trusted Hilda's integrity, her rapidly developing good sense, and she felt that it was only fair that the girl should see and judge for herself, in the world, receive the attentions that belonged to her position, and when she finally married, make a free choice.

Horace Anvers knew of Hilda's orphanage and inheritance. He had taken up and was diligently pursuing the profession of a dude, being one of the first of that ilk in the United States. The business was not remunerative. Horace had lovely tight trousers, but his finances were even tighter. The first evening after Hilda arrived in Philadelphia she saw enter the drawing room a dapper dude, in tight gray clothes, a pale blue-satin tie, delicate gloves, a tiny cane, a flower in his button-hole, and a film of scented cambric in his hand.

"What an idiot he looks!" said Hilda, rashly. "Kenneth could fling him over a gate with one hand."

"I am charmed to meet you once more," murmured Horace (unconscious that the beauty was cataloging him as a "ridiculous little dude"). "I have never forgotten you. Your image was printed on my soul. I thought of you to-day, when I bought for you these violets, blue as your heavenly eyes!"

"You must have bought them for somebody else," said Hilda, as her black orbs flashed fire on her unfortunate visitor.

Horace having thus ignominiously given himself away, found his delicate little bouquet very heavy on him, and vainly striving to recover that airy self-satisfaction wherewith he was filled on entering the room, he laid the flowers on the piano.

"I remember so well our walks on Chestnut Street," faltered the unhappy Horace.

"Oh! did I walk there with you? Well, I had forgotten," said Hilda, mendaciously, glaring at Horace. "Possibly you are mistaken about the walks, just as you were now about my eyes. Is your memory getting weak? Have you had brain fever, or anything?"

The miserable Horace was awfully burdened by a sense of his error, and consciousness of sin sunk him deeper into difficulty.

"Ah, yes; it was a little mistake, about the eyes, you know; I was only thinking of some one else, you know."

"Don't forget, then, to take the bouquet to some one else," said Hilda, with a withering glance at the flowers, that should have ruined them. Hilda was more angry with herself than with Horace. How often had she recalled this dapper little man, and said he was twice as much of a gentleman as Kenneth!

"I hope you are not angry with me—ah," said Anvers.

But that night Hilda wrote Mrs. Moray that her adopted father, Mr. Calvert, need not have been so worried over a man like Anvers. What was there to fancy in him, she wondered? It was quite absurd!

The third evening after this, Hilda had been detained at her dressmaker's, and was returning to her friend at about six o'clock. Accustomed to the city from childhood, she always felt safer in paved streets than in country ways. To shorten her route, she passed under one of the bridges of the elevated railroad. About the centre of this covered way, another long and narrower way starts off at right angles, also running under the railroad, and day and night rejoicing in a dangerous obscurity. At the entrance of this passage, Hilda, imagining herself the only person under the arches at that instant, to her horror felt a handkerchief slipped most adroitly over her mouth and knotted, at the same time that a larger article was flung over her arms, drawing them close to her side, below the elbow; then she was seized and marched hurriedly along in the gloom, between two men. A thousand terrors overwhelmed the wretched Hilda. Oh, for Kenneth, for Mr. Moray, for anybody! She was drawn swiftly and quietly along through the black passage, around a corner, into a little street; into a small yard guarded by a great green gate; into a grimy house, up grimy stairs, into a horrible twilight, grimy room. Then one captor said:

"You are quite safe—only be silent. We shall not hurt you."

Then they left her alone, and she heard voices outside; with her ear at the latch, and blessed with exceptionally good hearing, she caught the words:

"It all depends on herself—if she knows anything."

"And if we can find the proofs?"

"But if she should happen not to speak?"

"She will speak quick enough. No woman could resist that."

"Well, if she comes to any harm, our game is worse than up."

Then an old woman came quietly in, begged her to be content, took off the handkerchief and unloosed her arms, soothing her, asking pardon, and vowing that they were all friends.

"I'll be quiet for a while, if you bring me a light," said Hilda.

The light showed a room like a cell, with a locked door to some next room. There was a knot in this old door, and Hilda picked it out with her pocket-knife. As she looked into this hole a door opposite her eye opened, and a young man entered, carrying a small, dirty lamp.

That young man was Horace Anvers.

The exquisite Horace looked and seemed to feel out of place. Hilda, naturally timid, was in a state of intense terror, but she was one of those to whom real fright gives self-possession.

One thing was sure, she was not afraid of Horace Anvers!

"Horace!" she whispered through the knot-hole. "Horace Anvers?"

Horace started with such genuine surprise that he dropped his lamp, and he was left in darkness. "Horace!" whispered Hilda once more, "for Heaven's sake control yourself, and save me! Move towards this spot of light. Quick, or I shall be murdered!"

Anvers, quivering with terror, but galvanized into action by this statement, moved towards the red eye made in darkness by the knot-hole through which Hilda's lamp shone.

"It is I—Hilda Calvert. I've been dragged here to be robbed and murdered. You must save me. Can you get out?"

"Heaven knows! I just came in to see a man that is go-between to a pawnbroker. I'm hard up, and he was to spot my studs for me. I didn't know it was this sort of den!"

"S-h-h—s-h-h!" said Hilda. "Do as I tell you. Do not seem at all excited; transact your business, let the man have his own terms, get out, and when you're out of sight, fly and get three

policemen and raid the house for me, or I'll be gone; they'll be carrying me off. For Heaven's sake, keep cool and don't look at this door! Get through with your business, quick. I hear steps; now, be cool—or I am dead!"

Hilda pushed back the knot into its hole, and heard the door of the next room open.

"What—all dark! Where's the light, cap'n?"

"Goodness, I hit my elbow and dropped it," said Anvers, in a steady voice.

"Dropped the light, eh, cap'n? How's that?"

"You'd better bring another," snapped Horace. "I've oiled my trousers."

"I didn't know you'd come to-night, cap'n, and the girl shouldn't give you the light to come up here. There's some one raving sick of fever in the next room. Come, let us look at those studs down below, cap'n."

"Haven't I told you I would not go where people are? I might as well appear at 'my uncle's' at once!"

"There's not a soul below, cap'n. They're tending the sick one."

All Hilda's hope of safety now centred on Horace Anvers, whom she had been calling to herself "a horrid little dude."

Meanwhile Horace followed the man who styled him cap'n down the stairs, and, with as little bickering as he dared make, yielded the go-between a good bargain on his studs, with which he parted under pressure of a severely dunning tailor.

The studs bartered for, Horace stepped into the street, and went slowly until he had turned the alley-corner. Once in the wide street, Horace fairly flew; there was a police-station not far away. Thither he dashed, and shouted:

"Quick—a lady is being robbed and murdered! Quick—three policemen! I'll show the way. We shall be too late!"

The police lieutenant, who had often seen that dainty little dude strolling by, fairly stared. Was Horace out of his mind?

"Come!" screamed Anvers. "Miss Calvert is being robbed and murdered. Why don't you start? She will be dead!"

"There's something in this," said the lieutenant. "Come on!" and he leaped into the street, with two armed men in blue at his back. Out they went, Horace leading the way. He ran, he flew! Water from little puddles splattered his elegant, unpaid-for trousers—that was nothing; his little patent leather boots were cracked and hopelessly ruined on conservative Philadelphia's dearly beloved cobblestones—that was nothing; his little cane stuck in a hole between two bricks, and he left it there to mark the way whereby he came—that was nothing; his button-hole bouquet flew out of its place, and then went off in the gutter—that was nothing. At last he was at the corner of the little street; he turned, and waved back the pursuing policemen. At the door he had just left Horace rapped briskly, then he turned the handle, and remarked to the man whose head was just stretched from the lower room: "My handkerchief—my cambrie handkerchief! It is up above—dropped," and he went skipping up the stairs. As the door was open the policemen plunged after Horace, and Policeman No. 1 opened his lantern.

"She's beyond this door!" cried Horace, frantically. Putting his back to the panel, Policeman No. 2, carried away by Horace's zeal, burst the door open with his shoulder. The room was empty!

"There's no one! Have you deceived us?" cried the lieutenant, turning angrily to Horace Anvers.

"No!—before Heaven! Look! is there any blood? She is dead!"

"There's no sign of blood, nor disorder. You are mistaken."

"I am not mistaken. She was here twenty minutes ago. Search the house—it is an affair of life or death."

They searched the house, with no results but vituperations from an old woman, who proclaimed herself "the honestest woman in Philadelphia ever thus put upon by the p'lice."

"You are laboring under a mistake," said the police to Horace. "You'd do well to go home."

Three days after, Mrs. Moray received a letter addressed to Hilda, from the friend she was visiting in Philadelphia.

She opened it, and found that Hilda had left this friend without any warning; was supposed by her to have gone off homesick. She telegraphed the lady at once, and found that Hilda was supposed to have returned to her guardian three days before. Mr. Moray hurried to the city and notified the police. At the office of the chief of police was the uncle of Horace Anvers, reporting the disappearance of his nephew.

Next day Mr. Moray received a note from Hilda, saying that she had married Horace Anvers. She would write again, and return to his house in a few weeks.

Mr. Moray wrote his son, and Chelmy tossed him the letter, riding by from the post-office, as Kenneth was walking with Hertha. He read the letter with a whitening face. He cried: "She has gone! Eloped with that Anvers! Oh, Hilda! Oh, poor little Hilda!"

(To be continued.)

THE MORMON TEMPLE AT KIRTLAND, OHIO.

IN the days of their prosperity the rising sect of Mormons built a temple at Kirtland, O., that has become very famous. The building was recently in use for a conference of those Mormons who do not believe in a plurality of wives. The cost was \$40,000—a large sum for that country and for those days. It was paid in money, tithes and labor. The site of the temple overlooks the valley of the Chagrin River and the waters of Lake Erie. The farmhouse of the late President Garfield is only a mile or two distant. The size of the

temple on the ground floor is 80 feet by 60. The eastern gable disappears in a square tower topped with a belfry. It is a New England "meeting-house" on a large scale, except that the upper row of windows is pointed, and that the rust-streaked walls are of stone. Huge dormer-windows also make the interior more impressive.

The building may be visited by any one who will pay a small fee to the custodian of the keys. As one enters the churchyard this inscription may be read high aloft: "House of the Lord, built by the Church of Christ, 1834." Instead of the words "of Christ," the original inscription read, "of the Latter-day Saints." The temple faces the east. Solid green doors, with oval panels, open into a vestibule extending across the entire front and terminating on either hand in a semicircular stairway. The ceiling is cut away from the front wall to allow a flood of light to enter from a huge square window above; and the open space is railed off like a steamer's cabin. At the right, under the stairway, is the "temple register room," containing a record of visitors. On the left is the "library." On the left of the wall, parallel with the front, is the "gentlemen's entrance." On the right is the "ladies' entrance." Between these doors are the inscriptions: "Laus Deo"; "Crux Mihi Anchora"; "Magna Veritas est Prevalabit." The auditorium occupies all the rest of the first story; but one could wish that the wall that divides it from the vestibule did not spoil one of the beautiful windows at either end, thus leaving an ungainly half-window in the auditorium. A row of wooden pillars on either side gives the effect of galleries as the room is entered, but a closer view shows that the space between the rows is arched towards the ceiling at the centre. One of the pillars contains a windlass, which, in former times, controlled the heavy canvas curtains from above. The larger curtain fell into grooves between the high-backed pews in such a manner as to separate the men from the women; the smaller curtains, at right angles to the other, divided the men and women into separate class-rooms. Thus the audience was enabled to face either westward or eastward by simply changing the movable benches from one side of the pew to the other.

Clusters of richly carved pulpits, rising in threes in three tiers, fill up either end of the room. The eastern cluster is devoted to the Aaronic Priesthood; the middle tier has the letters "P. A. P." meaning Presiding Aaronic Priest; the lower tier has "P. A. T." Presiding Aaronic Teacher; a smaller pulpit below is labeled "P. A. D." Presiding Aaronic Doorkeeper. The pulpits against the western end are built up against an outer window, with alternate panes of red and white glass in the arched transom. These pulpits were occupied by the spiritual leaders, or the Melchisedec Priesthood. The highest tier of pulpits is marked "M. P. C." Melchisedec President of Councilors; the middle tier is marked "P. M. H." Melchisedec Presiding High Priest; the lower tier is marked "M. H. P." Melchisedec High Priest. All of these designations were originally in gilt, and the pure white of the pulpits was also decorated with the same material. But the faithful removed the ornaments long ago because they proved too much of a temptation to the visitors. The great curtains that came down from the ceiling and halved or quartered the audience are gone, as are also the smaller curtains that divided the three tiers of pulpits, but in no case allowed the inferior in rank to be hidden from their superiors. The following mottoes remain upon the walls: "No Cross, No Crown"; "The Lord Reigneth, Let His People Rejoice"; "Great is our Lord, and of Great Power." Over one of the arched windows at the rear of the pulpits is the text: "Holiness to the Lord." The high pews in the corners were for the best singers; but the highest of the pulpits belonged to the Prophet, and from that eminence he arose at the proper time and announced the preacher of the day. The number of worshippers was so large that they came and went in relays—the seating capacity of the room being limited to about 600. Over the auditorium, a similar room, with lower ceilings and plainer furniture, was used for a school of the prophets; while the dormer-windows above gave light to smaller rooms that housed the day-scholars.

In the vestibule of the temple is a photograph, and over it the inscription, "Joseph Smith, Jr., M. P. C., President of the reorganized Church of J. C. of L. D. S.; he resides at Plano, Kendall Co., Ill." Mr. Smith was born in Kirtland in 1832. He removed to Missouri and Illinois with his parents, and was twelve years old when his father was killed at Nauvoo. Since that time he has become a very successful business man, and the editor of the *Latter-day Saints' Herald*. He is recognized as the leader of those Mormons who assert the primitive doctrines but reject polygamy. On a pillar in the room over the auditorium is this announcement: "The Salt Lake Mormons.—When Joseph Smith was killed, on June 27th, 1844, Brigham Young assumed the leadership of the Church, telling the people, in the winter of 1846, that all the god they wanted was him, and all the bible they wanted was in his heart. He led or drove about 2,000 people to Utah in 1847; starting for Upper California and landing at Salt Lake, where, in 1852, Brigham Young presented the polygamic revelation (?) to the people. The true Church remained disorganized till 1860, when Joseph Smith took the leadership, or presidency, of the Church, at Amboy, Ill. We—30,000—have no affiliation with the Mormons whatever. They are to us an apostate people, working all manner of abomination before God and man. We are no part or parcel of them in any sense whatever. Let this be distinctly understood, we are not Mormons. Truth is truth, wherever it is found."

The following are the chief points of their creed: "We believe in God, the eternal Father, and in His Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost; we believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgression; we believe that, through the atonement of Christ, all men may be saved by obedience to the law and ordinances of the Gospel. We believe that these ordinances are: First, faith in God and in the Lord Jesus Christ; second, repentance; third, baptism by immersion for the remission of sins; fourth, laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost. We believe in the resurrection of the body, that the dead in Christ will rise first, and the rest of the dead will not live again until the thousand years are expired; we believe in the doctrine of eternal judgment, which provides that men shall be judged, rewarded or punished according to the degree of good or evil they shall have done; we believe that a man must be called of God, and ordained by the laying on of hands of those who are in authority, to entitle him to preach the Gospel and administer in the ordinances thereof; we be-

lieve in the same kind of organization that existed in the primitive Church, viz., apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers, evangelists, etc. We believe that in the Bible is contained the word of God, so far as it is translated correctly; we believe that the Canon of Scripture is not full, but that God, by His Spirit, will continue to reveal His word to man until the end of time; we believe in the powers and gifts of the everlasting Gospel, that is, the gift of faith, discerning of spirits, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, tongues, and in the interpretation of tongues, wisdom, charity, brotherly love, etc.; we believe that marriage is ordained of God, and that the law of God provides for but one companion in wedlock, for either man or woman, except in cases where the contract of marriage is broken by death or transgression; we believe that the doctrines of a plurality and a community of wives are heresies, and are opposed to the law of God; we claim the privilege of worshipping Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience, and allowing all men the same privilege, let them worship how, where or what they may." F. G. M.

SOME INHERITED PHENOMENA OF ALCOHOLISM.

THE *Popular Science Monthly* says: "Dr. T. D. Crothers, of Walnut Lodge, Hartford, Conn., has made a study of a class of phenomena which have not been previously described specifically, in which a liability to exhibit the outward signs of intoxication upon excitement appears to have been inherited from inebriate parents. He has found two classes of the cases—one, in which the symptoms of intoxication are present all the time; the other, in which those symptoms only appear from some peculiar circumstances or exciting causes. In the first class, some prominent defect, such as idiocy, imbecility, or congenital deformity, is present to give the case a distinctness irrespective of the signs of intoxication. The symptoms may appear after birth, or be slowly evolved with the growth of the child, and come into prominence at or before puberty. Of course, all the varied phases of idiocy, imbecility, progressive degeneration and malformation go on. The presence of a special class of symptoms resembling intoxication so clearly, suggests a distinct alcoholic causation. In the second class of cases noted, the alcoholic symptoms are not present, unless for some exciting cause (non-alcoholic), such as anger, fear, or sudden excitement. In this class are idiots, imbeciles, and defectives of all degrees, who at times display distinct signs of intoxication, that subside after a period. Often in these cases appear the common delusions and deliriums of intoxication; also, the semi-paralysis and stupor. Teachers and superintendents of asylums and schools for this class realize the danger of excitement on these elements and defectives, throwing them into various states of mania, as well as intoxication. Several remarkable incidents illustrative of these principles are cited, the grouping of which makes it evident to the author that symptoms of alcoholic poisoning cannot be trusted as evidence of the immediate use of alcohol; and that the excessive use of alcohol leaves a permanent defect or impress on the brain, which will go down into the future with great certainty. It may be concealed for a lifetime in the child of a drinking parent, but may come to the surface at any moment, from the application of its special exciting cause; or it may appear in some other form of defect, which can be traced back to the injury from the toxication of alcohol."

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

At Bergen, Norway, is a church constructed entirely of papier-mâché. It is octagonal in shape, and will accommodate 1,000 persons.

One part of pure india-rubber melted and two parts of common vaseline are said to make an excellent lubricant for brass. It is non-corrosive and lasting.

A paper beer-bottle is to be the next achievement in the bottle line. Ink, paints, oils and certain acids have for some time past been put in paper bottles, as being safer from breakage and freezing than those made of glass.

A TELEGRAPH wire is now being brought out in England in which steel is made to cover and surround the copper. The wire is said to be drawn from compound metal, consisting of a hollow ingot of steel filled with copper.

The work performed by the human body in a day in circulating the blood, in breathing, and in other processes, is equal to that of twenty-two horse-power for one minute, or sufficient to light a three-candle incandescent lamp continuously.

The cheapest zinc obtainable for use in batteries is the sheet zinc such as is used by carpenters and tinnermen. If used in an acid battery it needs amalgamation. Care should be taken, however, to use very little mercury, as it will make the zinc brittle if too much be used.

A GUN larger even than any of the monsters hitherto produced is now under construction by Krupp. It is 52½ feet long, and weighs 315,000 pounds, although only 15½ inches in bore. Its lightest projectile will weigh 1,632 pounds, which will be propelled by 1,070 pounds of prismatic brown powder.

GERMANY possesses some green sand peculiarly adapted to the founder's purposes, especially the Berlin sands, and this fact doubtless accounts in a great measure for the delicacy and superiority of the productions of the Berlin founders. These Berlin sands are found in the brown coal formation or in the diluvial formation in the coal measures of Stettin, etc.

BRUISES may be taken out of the woodwork of scientific instruments by wetting with warm water. Then lay on the place brown paper about five layers thick, and apply a hot flat-iron until the moisture be evaporated. If the bruise be not gone, repeat the process. If the bruise be small, merely soak it with warm water, and apply a red-hot poker near the surface. Keep the wood wet, and in a few minutes the bruise will disappear.

In many electric-light stations wires are run on the brick-work or on a cement floor. Bricks and ordinary cement are exceedingly porous, and if water reach any part the whole becomes somewhat damp. Dynamos are placed directly over such a floor, and the intervening wooden base may become damp enough to make quite a dangerous ground at the machine, in case, as often happens, there is connection on some portion of the filled magnets with the wire. By thoroughly drying the brick and cement-work, and saturating it with asphalt, applied boiling hot with a brush, it will be found that the dampness can be prevented and good insulation insured.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. BLAINE reached Chicago last week, fully restored to health.

MME. NILSSON, under the terms of her marriage with Count Miranda, retains absolute control of all her fortune.

CAPTAIN W. W. BUSH, who claimed to be the first enlisted volunteer of the Civil War, died at Lockport, N. Y., on the 19th inst.

BISHOP POTTER of the Protestant Episcopal Church during his Easter visitations confirmed no fewer than 1,000 persons.

PRINCE EUGENE of Sweden is in Paris studying art with Bonnat, who regards him as one of the most promising of his students.

MILLIONAIRE CORCORAN, who does more for Washington than all the other millionaires lumped together, pays taxes on over \$9,000,000 worth of property.

THE President has appointed Colonel Wesley Merritt of the Fifth Cavalry, who is now Superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point, to be a Brigadier-general.

PRIMROSE DAY, the 19th inst., the anniversary of the death of Lord Beaconsfield, was generally observed by the British Conservatives. The statue of Lord Beaconsfield was handsomely decorated.

QUEEN NATHALIE of Serbia has separated from her husband, King Milan, and returned to her family in Russia. Political and domestic differences are the grounds given for the separation.

WHEN Mayor Hewitt of New York was recently asked what he thought of President Cleveland's Administration, he replied: "I have scarcely time enough to think what I think of my own Administration."

THE President has appointed Sigourney Butler, of Boston, to be Second Comptroller of the Treasury. Mr. Edward A. Moseley, of Boston, has been elected Secretary of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

FATHER AUDERLEY, the new General of the Jesuits, was born in Switzerland in 1819. Besides Greek, Latin and Hebrew, he speaks and writes perfectly English, German, French, Italian and Spanish.

THE celebrated Swedish explorer, Nordenskiöld, whose Arctic voyages brought him into such prominence a few years ago, is contemplating a new expedition. This time he will go in the direction of the South Pole.

MARSHAL BAZAINE, who is now seventy-six years old, was assaulted by a Frenchman in Madrid, on Monday of last week, and dangerously, though not fatally, stabbed. The assailant, who was arrested, is believed to be insane.

THE Queen of the Sandwich Islands is en route to London, whither she goes to be present at Queen Victoria's Jubilee. After a short stay in San Francisco she will visit Washington to pay her respects to President Cleveland.

MRS. MACKAY, wife of the Nevada mining millionaire, will soon leave Paris to make her home in San Francisco. She will occupy the palatial mansion of Mr. Charles Crocker, on Nob Hill, and will give a series of unsurpassed entertainments.

AMERICAN friends of the Rev. Dr. Parker, of London, say that his invitation to deliver the eulogy on the late Henry Ward Beecher in June next is only preparatory to a pressing demand that he accept the vacant Brooklyn pulpit permanently.

MEMORIAL services in honor of the late President Arthur were held on Wednesday last in the Assembly Chamber at Albany, N. Y. Governor Hill presided, and Ex-Army-general Benjamin Harris Brewster made the first address. Chauncey M. Depew followed in an eloquent oration.

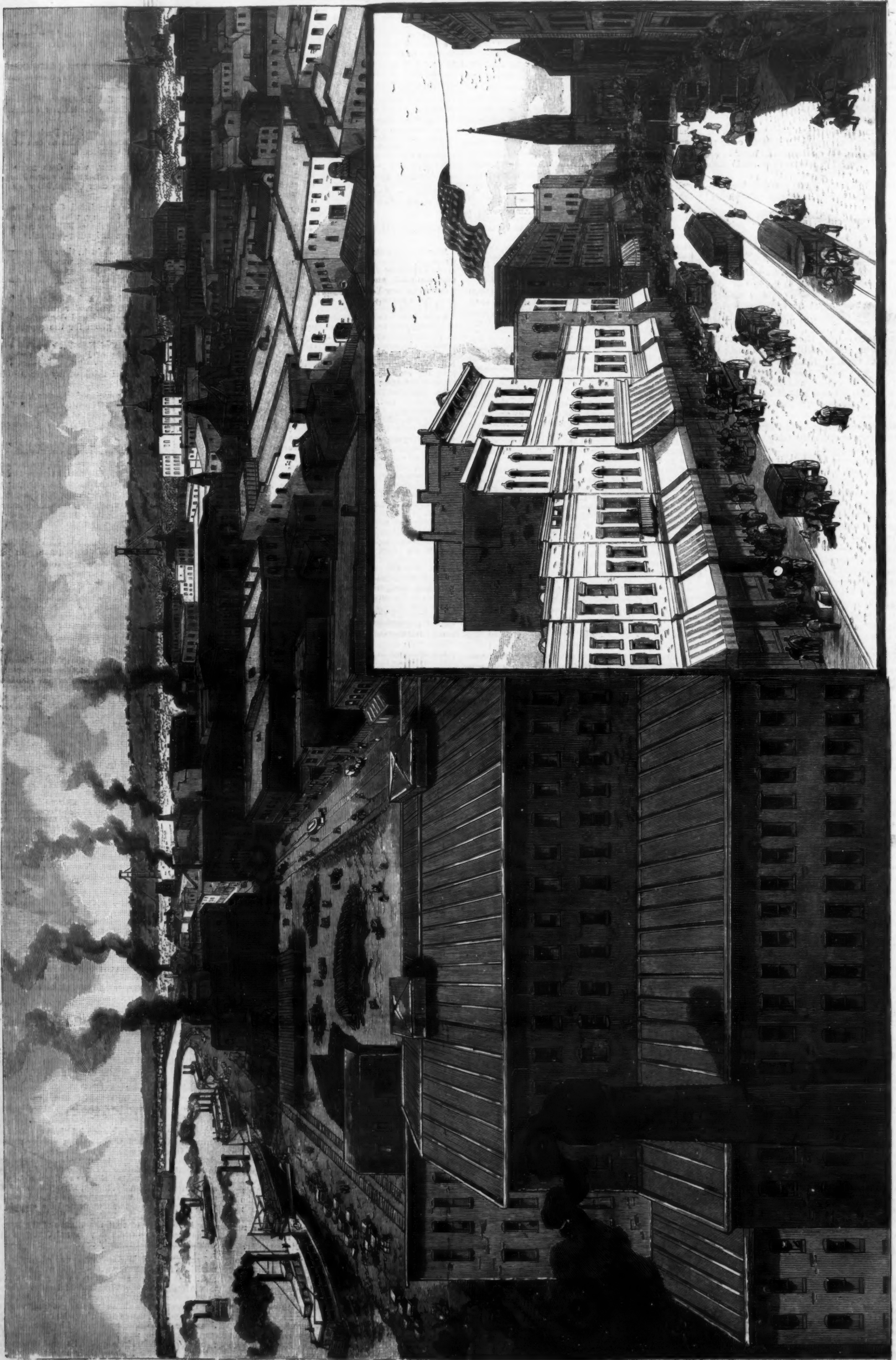
REV. WALTER W. SKEAT, whose "Etymological Dictionary of English" is a work of very high value, proposes in the *Daily News* of London that a fund should be raised for the printing of an English dialect dictionary. Twenty-thousand dollars will be required as a guarantee against loss.

THE Clark, Hallgarten and Dodge prizes were awarded at the National Academy of Design on Wednesday of last week. T. W. Dewing gained the Clark prize of \$300 with his picture called "The Days." The first Hallgarten prize was awarded to Alfred Kappes for his picture "Buckwheat Cakes." The second Hallgarten prize of \$200 was awarded to Walter L. Palmer, and the third prize of \$100 was adjudged to D. W. Tryon. The Norman W. Dodge prize of \$300, for ladies, was awarded to Mrs. Mary Curtis Richardson.

JOHN LORD HAYES, the President of the Tariff Commission of 1883, who died on Monday of last week at his home in Massachusetts, was a remarkably versatile man. He was a translator of Latin hymns, one of the finest amateur wood-carvers in the country, Secretary of the National Association of Wool Manufacturers, and an accomplished geologist and mining engineer. In 1843 he read before the Association of Geologists and Naturalists a paper which was commended by Darwin and Lyell as the most important contribution to the history of glacial phenomena in relation to geology made up to that time.

LORD SALISBURY, in a speech before the London Primrose Club, last week, made a violent assault on Mr. Gladstone and the Parnellites. Mr. Gladstone has written a letter in which he expresses his great appreciation of "the manifestations, now incessant, of American as well as colonial sympathy with the Irish people in the crisis created by the causeless, insulting and insidious Bill at present before Parliament." In a speech at East London, on the 20th inst., Sir William Vernon Harcourt said that the failure of the Round Table Conference was the personal doing of Mr. Chamberlain, and nobody else.

LIEUTENANT J. W. DANENHOWER, of Arctic expedition fame, committed suicide at Annapolis, Md., last week. He had been for some time mentally depressed, and his suicidal act is believed to have been due to an insane impulse. Lieutenant Danenhower's death recalls the fact that, of the thirty-two officers and men who composed the *Jeannette* expedition, twenty died by starvation or drowning. One was brought home an incurable maniac, and has since died. Several others are said to have died, since their return, from the effects of the terrible exposure and privations to which they were subjected. The troubles of the survivors have been manifold.



WISCONSIN.—BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CITY OF LA CROSSE, SHOWING THE PRINCIPAL BUSINESS STREET.
FROM SKETCHES BY C. BUNNELL.—SEE PAGE 167.



GEORGIA.—GENERAL A. R. LAWTON, U. S. MINISTER
TO AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.
PHOTO. BY HAUNLEY & GOEBEL.

GENERAL ALEXANDER R. LAWTON.

THE new Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to the Empire of Austria-Hungary is a typical Southern gentleman of the old school. He was born in 1818, in Beaufort District (now County), S. C., just opposite Savannah, Ga., where his father was born, and his grandfather, before the Revolution; and "the old plantation" is still in the possession of the family—one of the most cultivated and refined in the State, and noted for its Southern hospitality. The family of the new Minister reside in Savannah, Ga., and have done so for many years.

Alexander R. Lawton entered the Military Academy, West Point, as a cadet from South Carolina, July 1st, 1835, and graduated therefrom July 1st, 1839, when he was promoted in the Army to Second-lieutenant of the First Artillery. He served on the Northern frontier, at Rouse's Point, N. Y., during the Canada border disturbances in 1839-40; on the Maine frontier, at Houlton, pending the "disputed territory" controversy; and in garrison at Fort Sullivan, Me., in 1840. He resigned his commission in the Army, December 31st, 1840, to engage in the study of law at Harvard Law School. He commenced the practice of his profession in Savannah, Ga., in 1843, and has continued it uninterruptedly ever since, with the exception of the four years he served the Confederate cause, in 1861-65. He was President of the Savannah and Augusta Railroad from 1849-54; Alderman of Savannah in 1854; Colonel of the Georgia Militia, 1852-61; Member of the Georgia House of Representatives from 1855-56, and the Senate from 1859-61; and President of the Georgia Democratic Convention in 1860. In the Civil War he espoused the cause of the South, and was appointed a Brigadier-general in its Provisional Army, April 13th, 1861. He was severely wounded at the battle of Sharpsburg, and disabled for a year. After his recovery, General Lawton was attached to Stonewall Jackson's command; was subsequently made Major-general; was appointed Quartermaster-general of the Confederate Army in August, 1863, and held the position until the final collapse

of the Confederacy in 1865. After the war he resumed the practice of law in Savannah, and became counselor of the Georgia Central Railroad. He also became a distinguished member of the Legislature from Chatham County, and a member and Vice-president of the Constitutional Convention of 1877, that framed the Constitution under which Georgia is now making such rapid strides towards national prosperity and wealth. In both Houses of the Legislature and in the Convention, General Lawton was a leader of men and measures. He is a man learned in the law—a jurist of eminent abilities, no cases of importance having in twenty-five years come before the courts in his State in which he has not been employed as counsel.

On the 30th of March, 1885, President Cleveland nominated General Lawton to the Senate to be Minister to Russia; but a controversy arising as to his eligibility, there being some doubts as to his "political disabilities" ever having been removed, the President, at his request, withdrew the nomination, April 2d, 1885. A year ago Congress removed his office-holding "disabilities," and he now goes as our Ambassador to Austria.

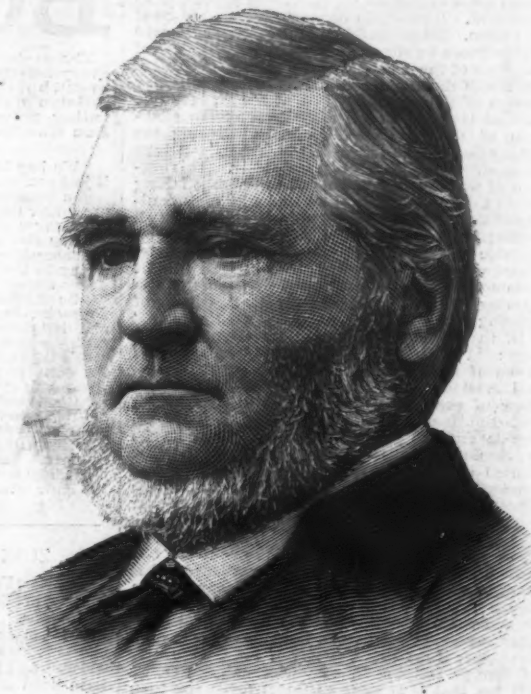
THE LATE ALEXANDER MITCHELL.

THE death of Alexander Mitchell, of Milwaukee, President of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, and probably the wealthiest man of the Northwest, occurred in New York on Tuesday of last week. Mr. Mitchell was born, October 18th, 1817, on his father's farm, in the Parish of Ellow, in Aberdeenshire, Scotland. After studying at the parish school he spent two years in a law office in Aberdeen, and was later a clerk in a banking house at Peterhead. In May, 1839, the Northwest was drawing many enterprising young Scotchmen from their native land, and Mr. Mitchell joined the tide and went to Milwaukee, where he took charge, as Secretary, of the Wisconsin Marine and Fire Insurance Company, which had just been organized by George Smith, of Chicago, also a native of Aberdeenshire. It was the era of Western wildcat banks, but the banking business which the insurance company under Mr. Mitchell's management was authorized to conduct was carried on in accordance with the sound principles of the Scotch system. The bank's success in weathering the severest of financial storms gave Mr. Mitchell a reputation which proved largely the foundation of his wonderful business career.

Mr. Mitchell, who became a Director of the Milwaukee and Waukesha Railroad in 1848, turned his attention more directly to railroads about eighteen years ago. At this time he consolidated the Milwaukee and La Crosse, Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien and Milwaukee and Watertown Railroads into the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, which, with extensions through Iowa and Minnesota, has become one of the most important in the United States. The success of Mr. Mitchell's railroad management is shown by the fact that the shares of this railroad, which sold at \$10 each when the reorganization took place, are now quoted at 92. In 1869 Mr. Mitchell was elected President of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company, but he held the office only a year, having decided that public policy rendered it inadvisable that the two great parallel and competing lines of railway should be under the same management.

In politics Mr. Mitchell was a Democrat, but with strong conservative instincts. As a practical banker he became a Whig, which was the bank party in his early days. When the question of slavery created sectional lines he became a Republican, and was a firm supporter of the Government's war policy. After the war he supported President Johnson's measures for the rehabilitation of the Southern States. In 1868 he supported Horatio Seymour, the Democratic candidate for President, and was himself defeated in a race for Congress in the First Wisconsin District. In 1870 he was elected from the same district by a large majority, was re-elected in 1872, and declined the nomination in 1874. Two years later he took an active part in the Tilden campaign, and upon the defeat of his candidate retired permanently from politics, declining in 1879 the Democratic State Convention's nomination for Governor of Wisconsin. During his Congressional career Mr. Mitchell was prominent and zealous in his support of such financial measures as were adopted for the protection of the public credit and for the restoration of specie payments.

Mr. Mitchell was married, in 1841, to Martha Reed, daughter of



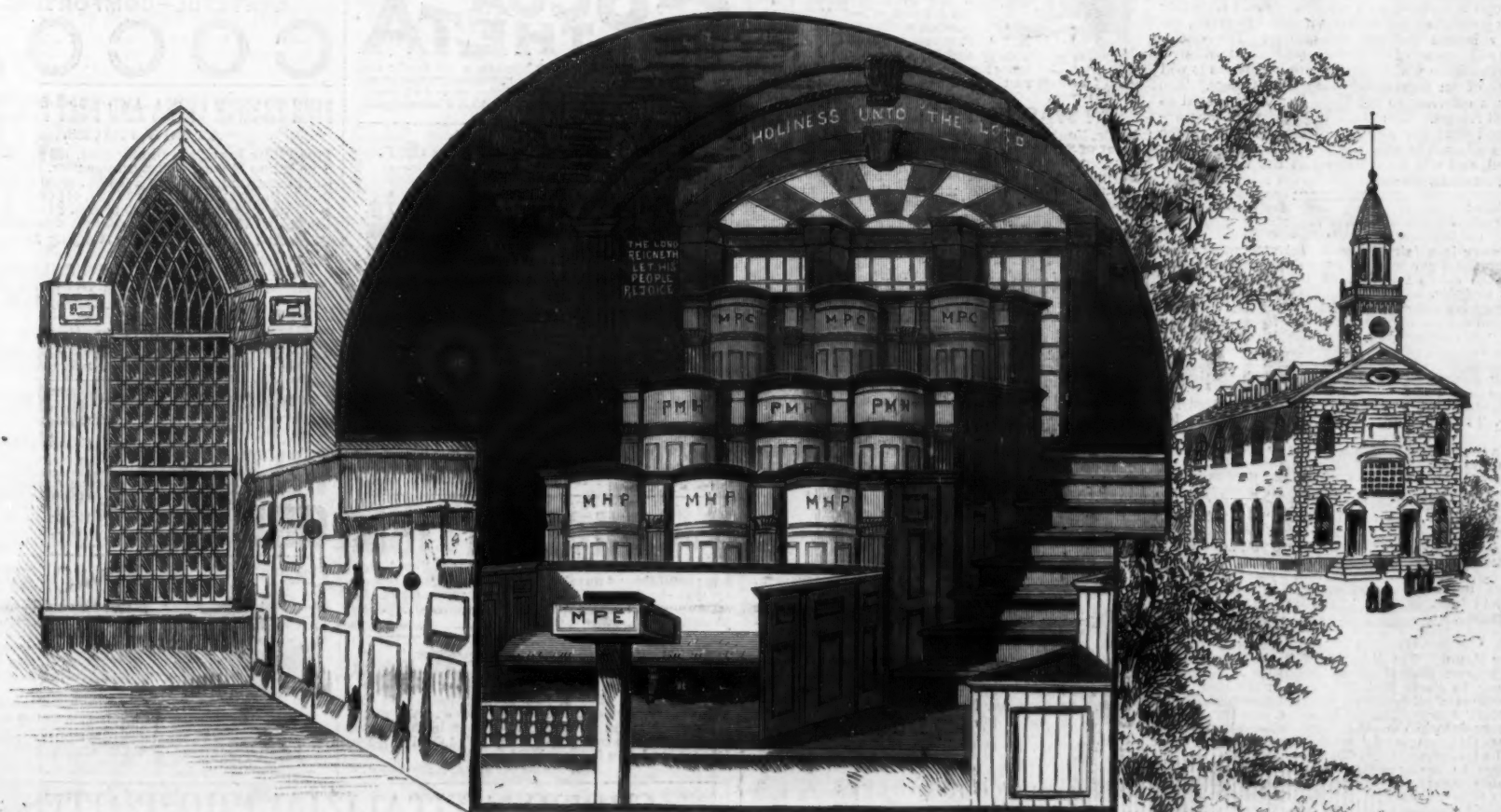
WISCONSIN.—THE LATE ALEXANDER MITCHELL.
PHOTO. BY BROICH.

Seth Reed, a pioneer of Milwaukee. He has one son, John Lendum Mitchell, now forty-four years of age, who, it had already been arranged, was to succeed to the Presidency of the bank in August of the current year, and who now finds himself invested with far wider responsibilities.

The deceased railroad king was a man of charming social qualities, and never forgot the fact that he was a Scotchman. In 1859 he became the first President of the Milwaukee St. Andrew's Society. His residence is one of the finest in the West. Among the monuments to his public spirit in Milwaukee is the beautiful building of the Chamber of Commerce in that city, for the erection of which he became responsible.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A LONDON correspondent of the New York World writes as follows: "The members of the House of Commons are not as strong a looking set of men as the members of our House of Representatives. The opposition leaders are the only fine-looking men in the House. Sir William Harcourt, one of Mr. Gladstone's most active lieutenants, is almost a giant in size. He has a great square face and a big hook nose. His eyes are blue and his manner has the brusqueness of a New York business man. He is as straight as a military man, while he cocks his silk hat over his left ear with the swagger of a sporting gentleman. The members of the House of Commons pay more attention to dress than the members of our House. The former never meets until four or five o'clock in the afternoon and then sits through until ten, twelve and one o'clock. Sometimes, but it is rare, there is an all-night session. The members when they come in in the afternoon are generally arrayed as society men dress themselves for attending an afternoon reception. They nearly all wear closely buttoned-up black frock coats, some of them single-breasted cutaway coats. But every coat is black, and is closely buttoned up. Every



OHIO.—THE MORMON TEMPLE AT KIRTLAND, WITH A VIEW OF ITS TEN MELCHISEDEC PULPITS.
FROM SKETCHES BY F. G. MATHER.—SEE PAGE 171.

member wears a silk hat. There is no exception to this rule. The great majority of them wear very shining patent leather shoes, and some even of the older men wear light over-gaiters over these shoes to give an appearance of smallness to their feet. Buttonhole bouquets are worn in great profusion. There has been a great improvement of late years in the neatness and the trimness of the dress of the members of our House. But there are few of them who would venture to attend a day session of the House arrayed with such excessive care as is found in the daily dress of the members of the House of Commons. During the sitting the members wear their silk hats, but take them off when they address the Chair. This custom of wearing hats during the session is falling off to a certain extent. I noticed a large percentage of the members did not put on their hats at all during the session. A heavy silk hat is uncomfortable enough to wear when one is obliged to. There are a number of bald heads in the House of Commons. Without doubt the largeness of the number can be traced directly to this habit of wearing continually the heavy hat within doors.

Of the House of Lords, the same correspondent says: "I used to think that the Supreme Court Room of the United States was about the dulllest and most sleepy place to be found, but it is a place of exhilarating excitement in comparison with the House of Lords. There is absolutely no popular interest in its proceedings. Its influence is absolutely negative. I have criticised the United States Senate for a number of years as a correspondent at Washington, but after seeing the Upper House in England I don't think I shall ever venture again to say one word against the Senate of the United States. It is a body so superior in character and ability and positive force to the fossilized House of Lords that every American has good reason to be proud of it. It may be in a measure controlled by corporation influences, and to a certain extent show too great tendencies against popular legislation, but it is so far beyond the Upper House here, or any of the Legislatures of Europe, judging by what clear-minded critics tell me, that it is more a subject for praise than criticism."

THE POPE'S JUBILEE.

PREPARATIONS are making on all sides in Europe for the celebration of the Jubilee Anniversary of the Pope's entrance to the priesthood. The day of the ceremony is now fixed for the 31st of next December. There will be an exhibition opened in the gardens of the Vatican on the 1st of January, 1888, of the objects of art sent to the Holy Father in honor of the occasion. Anything intended for a present to the Pontiff must be sent to Rome before October 31st, so that it can be properly classified. All the Archbishops and Bishops throughout the world have been invited to be present at Rome during the festivities. The dome of St. Peter's will be illuminated three nights previous to the Jubilee Day. This will be the first occasion on which this has been done since 1870. It is said that every parish, however small, throughout the world will be represented in this Jubilee. All the crowned royalties in Europe will send presents. Queen Victoria will send the Pope a copy of the Vulgate richly bound. The Empress of China has officially announced her intention of sending him some marvelous specimens of Chinese embroidery. The Emperor of Germany's gift is to be a chalice of pure gold adorned with immense diamonds, one for every member of his family. The Queen Regent of Spain has sent a ring, one brilliant alone of which is valued at \$15,000. The Portuguese sovereigns likewise send rich presents, that of Queen Dona Maria Pia, who is the sister of King Humbert, being an altar-cloth worked by herself. The President of the French Republic has already sent two immense Sevres vases. The French Archbishops and Bishops are bestirring themselves to send gifts worthy of the occasion. The Archdiocese of Lyons sends a satin chasuble embroidered with gold, bearing the arms of the Pope and of the City of Lyons. The monks of Lerins have prepared a volume of marvelous illuminations magnificently bound in velvet. The Archdiocese of Paris has decided to present a tiara of gold ornamented with diamonds, sapphires and rubies. It is the work of the eminent artist, Froment Meurice. The German Catholics will send the Pope a collection of all literary and scientific works published in Germany under his reign, expressly bound for his acceptance. The entire series will consist of over twenty thousand volumes. The exhibition will be well worth seeing, as it will consist of an incredible number of things. The Sultan's offering to the Pope is a ring valued at 250,000 francs. The Italian Government has announced that the Jubilee offerings for the Pope will be allowed to pass the frontier without being opened, and will be delivered at the Vatican free of all customs duties.

FUN.

"There is a fair prospect that attempts on the life of the Czar will in time depopulate Russia, with the sole exception of his Majesty."—*New York Graphic*.

CHICAGO mothers now frighten their naughty children into obedience with the following warning: "If you are not good, the Interstate Commerce Bill will catch you."—*Chicago News*.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. B., with toothache. "Why can't people be born without teeth?" "If you will reflect a moment, my dear," replied Mr. B., "you will be convinced that such is the fact."

At a negro wedding in this city a short time ago, when the words "love, honor and obey" were reached, the groom interrupted the preacher, and said: "Read that again, sah; read it wunce mo', so's de lady kin ketch de full solemnity ob de meanin'." I've been married befo'."—*Griffin (Ga.) News*.

After the accident: She—"Were you hurt much, Mr. DeDoode?" Mr. DeD—"Aw, Miss Claiwa, I was aw, knocked senseless, don't you know." She—"Oh, I'm so glad you escaped! They told me you had been injured." Mr. DeD. wonders what she means.

THE FAMOUS BON MARCHE of Paris is so universally known that it needs but little description. Visitors to Paris find it unique, unrivaled, as a storehouse of all feminine finery, household goods, travelers' necessities and luxuries, and furnishings of every description. It is unquestionably the most remarkable commercial establishment in the world; and its immense success is ascribed to its rigid adherence to the principle of selling only unexceptionable goods at the smallest possible profit. When it is stated that the Bon Marche has three thousand employees, that its sales frequently reach one million francs per day, and that its daily deliveries require the use of two hundred horses, we can form some adequate conception of the magnitude of this greatest of modern novelty warehouses.

BON MARCHE

The system of selling every article at a small profit, but of thoroughly reliable quality, is the ruling principle of the Bon Marche.

MAISON ARISTIDE BOUCAUT, PARIS.

The Bon Marche, even at the very lowest prices offers no goods of other than an unexceptionable quality.

We beg to inform our lady customers that our Illustrated Catalogue of the Novelties of the Season is just out, and will be sent, free of postage, to whoever applies for it.

In consequence of our constantly extending business, our assortments in every branch of Novelties are larger than ever, and in point of quality and relative cheapness offer at the same time even greater advantages than before.

The Bon Marche Warehouse is the largest and best organized extant, and one of the sights of Paris. Its successive enlargements have already made it the most unique establishment in the world; but, owing to the constantly increasing demand, additional enlargements are still needed, and are actually under way at present.

On application we forward, postage free, patterns of all our new tissues in Silks, Velvets, Woollens, Draperies, new Stuffs, Prints, Laces, Ribbons, Carpets and Upholstery Goods. Also albums, descriptions and designs of our models of New Toilets, Confections, Robes, and Dresses for Ladies and Young Girls; Suits for Gentlemen and Boys; Head-dresses, Skirts and Petticoats, Peignoirs, Trouseaux, Underlinen, White Goods, Handkerchiefs, Shirts, Hosiery, Umbrellas and Sunshades, Gloves, Cravats, Flowers and Plumes, Footgear for gentlemen, ladies and children, Beds and Bedding, Perfumery, Blankets, Traveling Goods, Articles de Paris, Embroidery, Furniture, etc., etc.

Goods ordered from trans-oceanic countries, of a value of not less than 25 francs, are forwarded free of freight to the port from which they are shipped. Since these shipments cannot be made C. O. D., our customers are requested to remit the amount with the order.

The BON MARCHE has no branch establishments or agents or other representatives either in France or abroad, and ladies are specially cautioned against dealers or traders who pretend to sell goods in its name, and more especially the famous BOUCAUT GLOVES, universally known, which are only sold at the Paris establishment of the BON MARCHE.

INTERPRETERS SPEAKING ALL LANGUAGES.

ZUNI INDIANS DOWN EAST.

THE *New York Sun* says: "Mrs. Augustus Hemmingsway, of Boston, has become greatly interested in Indians. Frank Cushing, the ethnologist, and his wife, make their home with her, and last Spring she sent for a number of the Zunis to come from Arizona and help Mr. Cushing in his work. They have lived at Manchester-by-the-Sea, in a cottage close by the great ocean that they worship. One day they visited the museum at Salem, and among other things noticed the life-size Japanese figures. One was a baby, with the crown of its head shaved and locks of hair left by its ears. 'The funniest thing I have seen to-day,' said a young Indian of the party, 'is that little bald-headed baby with whiskers.' A missionary, knowing that they give their children poetical names, asked an aged Zuni to name his baby for him. The missionary did not know that the Indians, in naming children, never seek for names, but wait until some incident in the baby's life shall suggest one that seems to typify the youngster's character. So the missionary tried to hurry the Zuni in the matter, much to the latter's discomfort. The baby was wrapped loosely in a worsted shawl, and was trying hard to free himself, when the Zuni was besought to hurry up with a name. After contemplating the infant for a moment in studious gravity, the Indian uttered a name and withdrew. The missionary ran delighted to Mr. Cushing. 'Translate it for me,' he said. 'It must be something beautiful; I think the first part of it must mean evening star, for the Zuni pointed up and made motions of falling water, and I know they think rain drops from the evening star.' Then the missionary told the name as the Indian had pronounced it. Mr. Cushing hesitated, and finally said: 'Well, they have perhaps made a mistake, but they have named your child Creeping Spider!'"



Salt Rheum

My head and face were a solid mass of putrefaction, and my ears discharged offensive matter in large quantities. I had almost despaired of getting well. J. N. Perry, Potter Brook, Pa., said that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy had cured him of SCROFULA, and I resolved to try it. I had not used one bottle when I began to improve. I continued to use the Favorite Remedy, and am now well. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the greatest blood purifier I know of.—J. A. Parker, Sunderlandville, Pa. Mr. Chas. F. Owen, Ironville, N. Y., says: "I suffered intensely and for a long time from Salt Rheum. The eruption rapidly spread, causing my flesh to swell and crack. I preferred death to life in this way."

I WAS ENTIRELY CURED

by Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. In the treatment of Scrofulous Ulcers, Sores, Glandular Swellings, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is far beyond any other alternative. It promptly and thoroughly restores healthful action to the affected organs, removes impurities from the blood, and so cures the many diseases that spring from a vitiated condition of the life current. Liver and Kidney diseases that yield to no other medicine are readily cured by this potent remedy.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; 6 for \$5.

If you suffer from looseness of the bowels, ANGOSTURA BITTERS will surely cure you. Beware of counterfeits, and ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, prepared by Dr. J. G. B. SEIGERT & SONS.

JOHN RUSKIN speaks of railroads as the "loathsome form of devilry now extant, carriages of damned souls on the ridges of their own graves." It is very clear that Mr. Ruskin's pocketbook is not thickly lined with passes.—*Boston Transcript*.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

TAYLOR'S CATARRH CURE is sold under a guarantee that, if purchaser is not convinced of its merits after a ten-days' trial, the price, \$2.50, will be refunded on its return to the principal depot, City Hall Pharmacy, 261 Broadway, New York. Send 4c. stamp for pamphlet. It is sure, safe, pleasant. Our readers can rely upon this.

HALE'S HONEY

OF HOREHOUND AND TAR. A Wonderful Cure for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Croup and Whooping Cough. Banishes Coughs and Colds where other remedies have failed. Keep in readiness. 3 sizes—25c., 50c., \$1. Of all druggists. Beware of counterfeits.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in One Minute. GERMAN CORN REMOVER kills Corns & Bunions.



For "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated school teachers, milliners, seamstresses, housekeepers, and over-worked women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best of all restorative tonics. It is not a "Cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent Specific for all those Chronic Weaknesses and Diseases peculiar to women. It is a powerful, general as well as uterine, tonic and nerve, and imparts vigor and strength to the whole system. It promptly cures weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating, weak back, nervous prostration, debility and sleeplessness, in either sex. Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists under our positive guarantee. See wrapper around bottle. Price \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00. A large treatise on Diseases of Women, profusely illustrated with colored plates and numerous wood-cuts, sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y. SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint, 25c. a vial, by druggists.

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The finest Powdered Chocolate for family use. Requires no boiling. Invaluable for Dyspeptics and Children. Get it of your dealer, or send 10 stamps for trial can. H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Philadelphia.

Use the Great Blood Purifier.

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VINEGAR BITTERS

Only Temperance Bitters Known.

Pin, Tape and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are destroyed. No medicine will free the system like these Bitters.

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GOUT, Gravel, Diabetes. Speedy relief; harmless; infallible; 4 days' cure. French Vegetable Sallicylates—box, \$1. Books free; thousands authentic references. L. A. PARIS & Co., General Agents, 50 Beaver St., New York.

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This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world. \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of disease-sustaining elements, and thus removes the cause.

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CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, is indispensable in treating skin diseases, baby humors, skin blemishes, chapped and oily skin. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the great skin beautifiers.

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Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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Exquisitely perfumed. Removes all impurities from the scalp, prevents baldness and gray hair, and causes the hair to grow Thick, Soft and Beautiful.



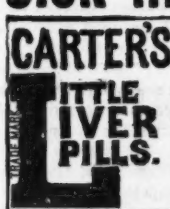
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Use PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION. It is reliable.

For PIMPLES on the FACE, Blackheads and Fleshworms, ask your druggist for PERRY'S COMEDONE and PIMPLE REMEDY, the Infallible Skin Medicine. Send for circular.

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SICK HEADACHE



Positively Cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. 40 in a vial. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 cents. 5 vials by mail for \$1.00. CARTER MEDICINE CO., Prop'rs, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

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FINE FRENCH CHINA AND BEST PORCELAIN AT LOW PRICES.

Fine White Porcelain Dinner Sets, 100 pieces, \$12.00. Fine White French China Dinner Sets, 100 pcs., \$22.00. Gold band China Tea Sets, 44 pcs., \$8.50; white 7 1/2 inch Decorated China Tea Sets, 44 pcs., \$10 & 12.00. Decorated Chamber Sets, 10 pieces, \$4; white, 3.00. Decorated Dinner Sets, all colors & designs, \$15 up. Decorated Parlor and Brass Hanging Lamps, etc., low prices.

ALSO ALL HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS. Catalogue and Price-list mailed free on application. VERRINDER & DERBYSHIRE, Successors to

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TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles; no headache arising from them.

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Mfr. of Meerschaum Pipes, Smokers' Articles, etc., wholesale & retail. Repairing done. Circular free. 399 B'dway, N. Y. Factories, 69 Walker St., and Vienna, Austria. Sterling Silver-lined Pipes, etc., made in newest designs.



DYER'S BEARD FLAX

For men's beards. Moistens, whitens, and keeps the beard in good condition. No other remedy. For 25 cents. Send for circular. Dyer's Beard Flax, 1000 N. Y. Ave., New York.

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PEARS' SOAP



a Specialty for Children.

The best for the Complexion. . . "A balm for the Skin."
The most economical; it wears to thinness of a wafer.



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Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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Capital Paid-up.....\$1,000,000
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Offers its 6 Per Cent. Debenture Bonds of \$500, \$1,000 and \$5,000, running ten years, to Trustees, Guardians and Individual Investors. Secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate worth three times the amount of the loan, and held by the Mercantile Trust Company of New York. Trustee. Secured also by the entire paid-up capital of \$1,000,000. It also offers GUARANTEED SIX PER CENT. first mortgages on Kansas City business property and improved farms in KANSAS and MISSOURI. Call at office or write for full particulars to ROLAND R. CONKLIN, Secretary, Equitable Building, 120 Broadway, New York; Messrs. MORGAN & BRENNAN, Providence, R. I.; or JOHN M. SHIPLEY, 411 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.



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**Biliousness,
Sick Headache,
Constipation,
Dyspepsia.**

Now, when the buds begin to show,
'Tis time for young and old to know
That Fevers, Lassitude, and all
The ills at Indigestion's call,
With every trouble, ache or pain
That follows in the Bilious train,
Will scatter, like the thieves of night,
Before a draught of SELTZER bright.

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**LINEN
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BEST IN THE WORLD

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MOTHERS, SISTERS AND
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right.
'Twill make you look beauti-
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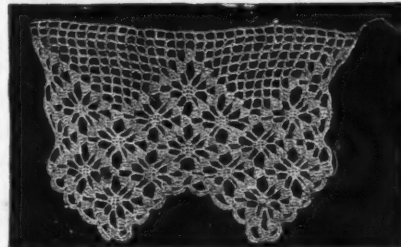
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